JOHN BULL, MAY 23, 1925. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVII. No. 990. SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1925. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

GIFT WORTH 25/- TO YOU
See page 2

1,000 Prizes for CROSS-WORDS
— See page 34

MY CURE FOR UNEMPLOYMENT

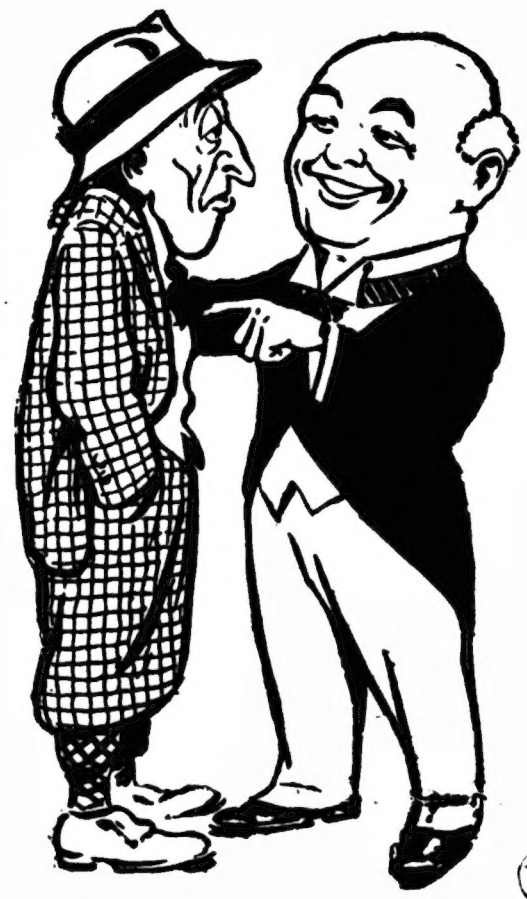
by The Rt. Hon.
SIR ALFRED MOND BT. M.P.

Are you "out of sorts"?

IF so, you cannnot do better than try a course of Beecham's Pills. They stimulate the appetite; promote sound digestion: correct irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels: assist in the proper assimilation of food and reinvigorate the entire system. If you are run down or "out of sorts"

Try

Beecham's Pills



CATARRH, ADENOIDS & TONSILS.

World-famous Professors of every University in Europe and America have protested against the routine removal of tonsils and adenoids. 95 per cent. of such operations are unjustifiable, as the symptoms are curable by

THE KYNASTON METHOD

It is equally successful as a remedy for catarrh and its various consequences, and can be carried out with confidence and success in your own home. Write for free booklet enclosing 1½d. Stamp. Consultations daily. 'Phone: Mayfair 4632.

Lt.-Col. KYNASTON, R.P.

(Late R.A.M.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.)

Room 2, Langham House, Regent St., London, W.1

TO THOSE ABOUT TO MARRY.

"HAVE YOU A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH?"

Those who, at any time, have suffered from Venereal Disease are bound in honour to obtain medical opinion as to whether they are free from infection before they marry. Otherwise an innocent partner may become a victim to terrible disease and possibly lifelong suffering. The safeguard against such a tragedy is expert advice.

Remember that the disappearance of the symptoms does not necessarily mean the disappearance of infectivity. Either consult a doctor, or attend at one of the Free Treatment Centres, where an examination, and treatment, if necessary, may be had, both free of charge and under conditions of secrecy.

Full information free (in plain cover) can be obtained from the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council Incorporated, 102P, Dean Street, Oxford Street, London, W.1, and his advice will be available free at this address on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for five useful booklets for Parents, 1/4 the Set. Six useful booklets for Girls, 1/4 the Set. Seven useful booklets for Young Men, 1/5 the Set. All post free in plain cover.

GRAVES
WORLD'S BEST CYCLE.

World's Best Value.
Every component part of guaranteed excellence.

HANS RENOLD CHAIN; BRAMPTON'S HUBS; B.S.A. FREE WHEEL; BOWDEN BRAKES; SPIRAL SPRING SADDLE; HUTCHINSON'S EXTRA PARA SUPER CORD TYRES; DUNLOP WESTWOOD RIMS; £8:10:0

Lady's Model same price

Terms:- 10/- with order, and balance 10/- monthly. Money back if in any way disappointed.

10 Years Warranty

Catalogue Post Free.

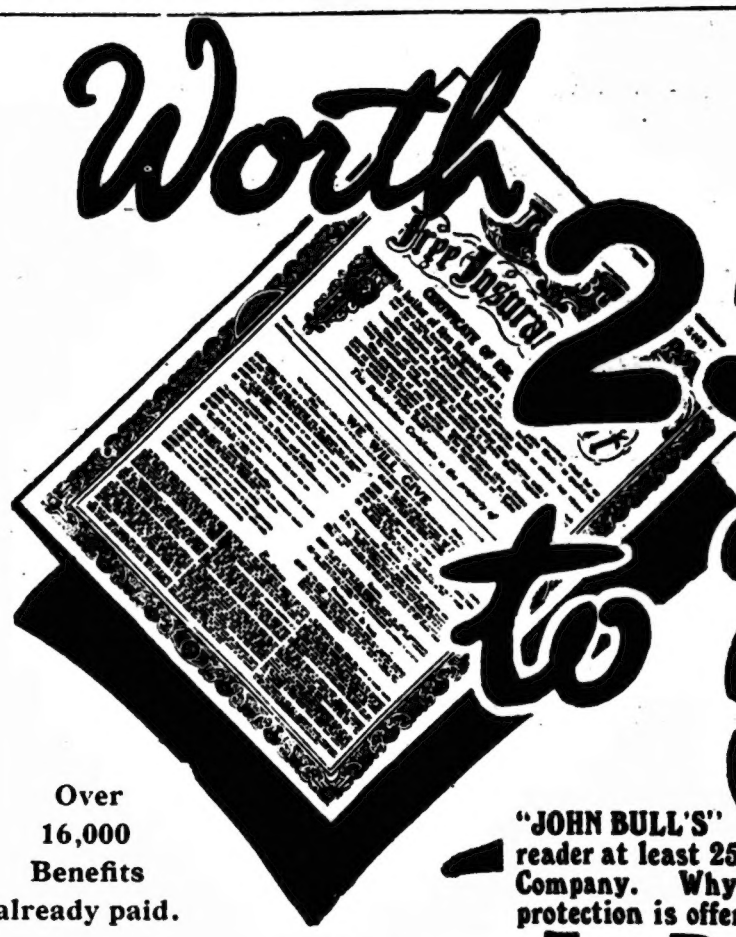
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

PSORIASIS
ECZEMA, BAD LEGS

and all other Skin Diseases are being daily cured by Kurem Herbal Treatment, when other means have failed even to relieve. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 36 years. Send postcard for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, 11, Kurem House, BRADFORD

Worth 2.51- to You



Over 16,000 Benefits already paid.

"JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Insurance Gift would cost the reader at least 25/- per annum if taken out through an Insurance Company. Why pay Insurance Premiums when this wonderful protection is offered you free? Sign the forms now.

"A WISE WIFE"

8t, Pinchurst Rd., Swindon, Apl[illegible]

"On behalf of my wife who is unable to write owing to her injury, I beg to acknowledge receipt of £12 and thank you for your kind enquiries. It shows the importance of signing the Registration Form. I had been a reader for years and did not trouble—BUT THE WIFE WAS WISER AND SIGNED."

(Signed) J. SALLOWAY.

What JOHN BULL Gives:

FIRE.

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250—or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

ACCIDENTS in HOME and GARDEN.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300—loss caused to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500—or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£3 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader.

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing at Football, Tennis, Cricket, Hockey, Golf, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river, or public swimming bath, provided that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that, in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

J.B. 23/5/25.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

J.B. 23/5/25.

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

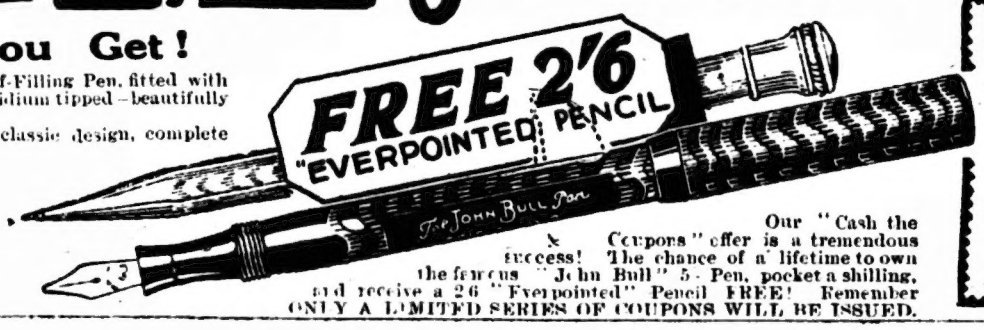
See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.
(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills, presented FREE!

PRICE - - - - - - 5/-

WITH SIX COUPONS 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.



Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED.

(A4.) JOHN BULL

PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen, with which is presented **FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil.** Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), any dates, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required. **AVAILABLE UNTIL JULY 1, 1925.**

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Facial Skin Trouble

For all facial skin ailments—Eczema, Eruptions, Pimples, Rough Red Patches, and Scurf Germolene is unrivalled.

Letter from Mrs. A. Barnes.

Mrs. Ethel A. Barnes, of 123, Granville Street, Grimsby, writes as follows concerning her little son, Clifford Barnes, aged 4 years:—"For about a month Clifford suffered from a most terrible form of Eczema on his face, which was very painful and irritable. Notwithstanding all we did for him, there was no improvement. On Thursday, the 5th June, I decided to try Germolene, and did so. On Friday, the 6th, there was improvement, and on Sunday, the 8th of June, there was practically no trace of the trouble except the red marks. At the present time we can report a thorough cure, and I write to express my sincere thanks."

Clifford Barnes.

Use Germolene for
Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.

GERMOLENE ASEPTIC SOAP contains some of the active properties of Germolene, and should always be used by those who have regard for an unblemished skin. Obtainable of all Chemists at 1/- per tablet, or in boxes of three tablets, 2/9.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-**

Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing (JB)

Corn Removed after 20 years

Even a corn or callous of twenty years' obstinacy has to yield to Radox Bath Salts. Read what an actual user of Radox has to say from personal experience:—

"Wish herewith to thank you for benefits received from the use of Radox Bath Salts. It has completely cured a callous I have had for the past 20 years after three foot baths. Needless to say, I have recommended it to several of my friends, who I know are using it with beneficial results."

24th Feb., 1925.

What Radox has done for others it can do for you. There is no need to endure the pain of an obstinate corn for even one day more. Radox ends corns once and for all because when you put your foot into a foot-bath containing a tablespoonful of Radox Salts the dead skin (of the corn) combines with the Radox Salts to form a protein salt of the actual corn itself. This protein salt dissolves in water like ordinary salt and so loosens the corn that it may be lifted out bodily, root and all. The Radox Salts do not affect the living skin. It is only the dead skin of the actual corn which is dissolved. (JB)

Your chemist has Radox Bath Salts in stock or can get them for you. Ask for the pink Radox packet and refuse any substitute. Radox costs 1/6 per ½-lb. packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES LTD., 68, DEANSGATE ARCADE, MANCHESTER.

Make this your Lucky Year!

THOUSANDS OF PRIZES—all Guaranteed by ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL

VALUABLE FREE GIFT TO FIRST 100,000 ENTRANTS.

£5,000 for YOU

First Prize
£5,000

OTHER PRIZES *include:*—
Humber Touring Car, 115-Guinea Radio Set, Motor Combination, Gold Watch and Chain, Grand Piano, Full-size Billiards Table, Aeroplane Trip to Paris with Hotel expenses, Suite of Furniture, and *THOUSANDS* of other valuable prizes.

THE ENTIRE CONTROL OF THIS BALLOT IS IN THE HANDS OF PERMANENT OFFICIALS OF ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL

TAKE A TICKET TO-DAY IN THE SPORTSMEN BALLOT
IN AID OF
ST. THOMAS'S HOSPITAL
and win a fortune for Half-a-Crown.

This Great Multi-Prize Ballot, with the most generous prize list of all the ballots, is your wonderful opportunity of success in life. DO NOT HESITATE. ENTER NOW.

TICKETS - - - 2/6 each.

POST THIS TO-DAY

To the Appeal Secretary, St. Thomas's Hospital, London, S.E.1

Please send me .....ticket/s for **The Sportsmen Ballot**, for which I enclose £ ..... s. ..... d. *and stamped addressed envelope.*

Name (Mr., Mrs., Miss) .....

Address.....

J.B.1. .....

Cross all Postal Orders, Cheques, etc., thus & Co. and make them payable to The Appeal Secretary, St. Thomas's Hospital.

ACT AT ONCE!

If you are one of the first 100,000 applicants for tickets, you will receive A VALUABLE FREE ART GIFT
(through the generosity of Alderman Sir Charles Wakefield, Bart.)

JOHN BULL FACTS FOR YOU

THIS CYCLE SENT on 14 DAYS FREE APPROVAL
47 YEARS REPUTATION
GUARANTEED FOR EVER
PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID
YOU SAVE MIDDLEMENS PROFITS
2/6 A WEEK

STRAIGHT FROM FACTORY TO YOU

ORDER NOW FOR WHITSUN

Enjoy the pleasure of cycling and benefit your health and pocket. For a small Deposit you can have an easy-running JUNO, "The Best that Britain Builds," and **GUARANTEED FOR EVER**, sent to you Packed Free and Carriage Paid on **14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

CYCLES FROM £4 15s. CASH.

You have every benefit by dealing with us. **NO MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS TO PAY, NO EXTRAS CHARGED,** an unparalleled specification; and the satisfaction of knowing you can return the Cycle to us at our expense if you decide not to buy, and your money will be at once refunded. Our 47 years' reputation and experience has made JUNO value world famed. Let us send you full details of our large range of Models. **DON'T DELAY. WRITE TO-DAY.** FREE Magnificent Coloured Art Folders. Post Free on request.

JUNO CYCLE CO. (Dept. D2),
148 and 248, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2.

JUNO ALL-BRITISH

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A Sense of Humour.
Natural aptitude for Sketching.
A Course of Tuition with us.
Result . . . A CARTOONIST.

A clever sketch by one of our students who has just completed half the Course & contributes to the Northern Daily Telegraph.

IF you have ever wanted to become a humorous artist and cartoonist, here is the opportunity for which you have been waiting. You can learn in your own home and in your spare time. The London School of Cartooning Course has been written and illustrated by some of the leading artists of the day: **E. T. Reed, Fred Buchanan, Arthur Ferrier, A. E. Horne, Dyke White, Will Scott, Roland Hill, Kate Carew.** The market for humorous work is enormous, and we are in touch with the leading purchasers.

Our moderate fees enable everybody interested to enrol.

Write now. By return of post you will receive, free of cost, our humorously illustrated Prospectus, giving full particulars of the Course and detailed description of our method of instruction.

London School of Cartooning,
(Section 54), 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

SAVE POUNDS AND HAVE A 'CAPTAIN' for WHITSUN!

The proudest riders on the road this Whitsun will be the discriminating "CAPTAIN" owners. No other make will satisfy the rider who desires handsome appearance combined with easy-running and a capacity for life-long service and satisfaction. My LOW CASH PRICES and generous EASY PAYMENT terms bring the best bicycle it is possible to build EASILY WITHIN YOUR OWN REACH. I will cheerfully send you a high-grade "CAPTAIN," PACKED FREE and CARRIAGE PAID on

14 DAYS' FREE RIDING TRAIL.

Test the "CAPTAIN" out on your local roads. If not completely satisfactory I will refund your money in full. Could I make you a better offer? I supply you direct from my works and SAVE YOU ALL MIDDLEMEN'S AND DEALERS' PROFITS, SHOWING YOU A SAVING OF POUNDS!

Before buying a bike — WRITE TO ME!

FREE! My 2 Big Bargain Books of nearly 200 pages are bulky with genuine money-saving offers. They show 35 "CAPTAIN" models, including my famous speed mounts. Also Tyres, Accessories and useful home wants.

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EASY TERMS 2/6 WEEKLY

CASH 98/6 Car. Paid.

14 DAYS FREE RIDING TRIAL

H. FITZPATRICK
52, Captain Works, BURNLEY.

5/- will bring you one of the famous "PEMCO" MACS.

the balance you send in very small weekly payments whilst you wear the mackintosh.

Free Gift.

To popularise still further the celebrated "PEMCO" MACS, we are sending FREE OF ALL COST with every garment a detachable wool fleece Lining which can be removed in a few seconds when not required. Send your order to-day and secure this free gift.

"PEMCO" MACS. are ideal for any and every member of the family and offer a sure protection in the heaviest showers and cold winds. They are made of a fine quality material proofed with super Rubber Check. Fitted with all-round belt and buckle, and storm tabs on sleeves. Can be worn fastened up to neck or as illustrated.

LADIES' SIZES are:—44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 length.

GENTS' SIZES are:—34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Chest.

In pleasing shades of Fawn and Navy.

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money will be returned immediately.

GIRLS' AND BOYS' SIZES are:—27, 30, 33, 36, 39, 42 lengths.

CASH PRICE 18/6 or 5/- down and 12 weekly payments of 1/3. POST FREE.

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The People's Manufacturing Co.,
40G, Long Millgate, Manchester.

Junocar

AT LESS THAN FACTORY PRICES.
EXCEPTIONAL OFFER!
BRITAIN'S BEST BABY CAR.
From 1/3 Weekly.

For a deposit of 2/6 only you can have on 14 days' approval a Magnificent British Made **JUNO**, sent packed free & Carriage Paid. Fully guaranteed. Deposit returned if dissatisfied.

SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY.

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METROPOLITAN MACHINISTS CO. LTD.

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FINEST GRAMOPHONE VALUE IN THE WORLD

Hornless model with polished Oak Cabinet (16½ x 14½ x 7½in) Powerful Silent Motor, Worm Drive for best quality Sound Box. Price £3:10:0

DELIVERED to approved orders for 5/- now, balance in monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are at all disappointed.

CATALOGUE of new Models (Horn and Hornless) Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

5/- NOW

DEAFNESS CONQUERED

by the most wonderful and up-to-date invention, the "POWERPHONE," many times more powerful than any other aid. Instantly banishes all deaf misery and head noises. 27 different varieties, to suit all degrees of deafness, at moderate prices. Liberal allowance made on your old deaf instrument. Special types for very acute deafness. Whispers and low sounds made clearly audible by the "POWERPHONE." Light and inconspicuous. No sizzling or buzzing. SENT ON TRIAL TO PROVE THIS.

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Works: Passy Paris France.

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CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT. Enquiries for Agency invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

"Far superior to leather Soles."

Made throughout in our own Manufactory & quality fully guaranteed.

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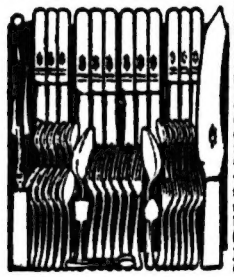
50 PIECES, 50 SHILLINGS



1 pr Double Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives and 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spns, 6 Dessert Spns, 6 Tea Spns, 6 Egg Spns, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spn, 1 pr Sugar Tngs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all warranted to wear white throughout. Terms: 5/- now, 5/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

5/- NOW

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J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

BEAUTIFUL CARPETS DIRECT FROM LOOMS ON EASY TERMS

I supply superb Carpet Squares in lovely blendings of oriental colours and art shades, to fit rooms of all sizes. Any Carpet sent **ON APPROVAL, CARRIAGE PAID**, on small deposit, balance payable by low monthly instalments. Write for my beautifully coloured **FREE LISTS**, and choose your Carpet from my enormous stock.

Chas. T. Robey, Ltd.
THE WORLD'S PIONEER HOUSE 3 COVENTRY

Hair-Growing Discovery.

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This contains real bear fat, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature.

A trial size box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending 3d. in stamps to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 GF.), London, W. 1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

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If you want a GOOD CYCLE write NOW for my Lists. Pounds below shop prices. Cash or instalments.

Big Bargains in second-hand and reconditioned machines.

Rovers, Singers, Swifts, Humbers, Premiers, Court Royals, etc. From £3 10s. 0d. Cash. Lists Free.

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GEORGE KING, Ltd., Dept. 59, Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL

15 YEARS WARRANTY

LISTS FREE.

GOOD LUCK!

"Amazing," "astounding," "incredible"—these are terms repeatedly used by hundreds who write to say how Good Luck has come to them after possessing **JU-JU**—the famous **NIGERIAN GOD OF LUCK.** Read these extracts from actual letters:—

"I cannot understand how my luck changed directly."—F.S., Huddersfield.

"My luck changed very quickly." L., Melton Mowbray.

"My luck has been considerably better." D. M., Finchley.

Send to-day for JU-JU and see how your luck will change.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Sterling Silver, 5/- } Post
9-ct. Gold, £1 } free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Also from Gamage's, London.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A1 OFFER.—HOW TO START IN BUSINESS with £2.—Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for Drapery, Hosiery, Boots and Clothing. Best house for Beginners. Send for free catalogue.—H. Marks, 51, Hound-ditch, E.1.

£2 LOT sells for £3. Make money selling Remnants, Prints, Hosiery, Travellers' Samples, etc. No risk. Money back if dissatisfied. Send P.C. for Free Guide. Worth pounds.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Est. 1899.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 96, High Street, Manchester.

WONDERFUL Value for small traders in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, Overalls, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc. Illustrated Catalogue Free. — S. Mosco (Dept. J.B.), 8, Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

GILLETTE BLADES, 2/10 pkt. of 10. "Nonso" Blades, 8/6 gross. List free. Razors, Fancy Goods, Job Lines, etc.—Steen Bros., 17, Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.

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"FREEMAN'S" Spare-Time Agency.—See Large Advt. on page 4.

SPARE-TIME Employment.—Reliable persons in regular employment are required to accept an agency to sell reliable goods, drapery, clothing, boots, etc., cash or easy payments. Liberal commission and splendid selection. 30/- to £5 can be earned weekly. No outlay; no expenses.—Dept. 19, J. Turner, 16, The Arcade, Grattan Road, Bradford.

SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Add to your income by selling Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Bicycles, etc. Cash or credit. Highest com. Men in regular work apply for particulars to Sharmans, St. Albans, Herts.

WORKERS (intelligent), all districts, to commence new well-paid profession. Full information 1½d. stamp. England-Richards Co., 10G, King's Lynn.

SPARE-TIME Agents wntd. Quick selling lines. Big Profits. Parties, stamped addressed envelope.—Wilkinson, 30-2, Side, N/c-on-Tyne.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

HOW AND WHEN YOU CAN COMMENCE TO EARN BIG MONEY! If you are ambitious and discontented with your present earnings, write for "The Profession of Salesmanship," which will show you how, by taking the finest Training Course in Salesmanship ever prepared, you can actually, in six months, be ready for a good job "on the road," to which you will be introduced. Selling offers a quick, sound and safe way to a good salary, and—money to spare! The sooner you start the sooner you will become a BIG-MONEY-GETTER. Take the first step to-day by writing for your copy, which will come post free.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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£500

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GARDEN NETTING.—Protect your Seeds and Buds from Frost and Birds. Our Netting is guaranteed carriage paid, and cash returned if unsatisfactory. 25 yds. x 1 yd. 2/6, 25 yds. x 2 yds. 5/-. Any size price in proportion. As supplied by us to the Royal Gardens. Samples free. Cheaper Netting at 25 sq. yds. for 1/6. —H. J. GASSON AND SONS, Ltd., Sussex, U.K., over 100 years.

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HEADACHES from eyestrain cured. All Eye diseases recognised. Consult Mr. Lawrence, F.S.M.C., F.B.O.A., F.I.O., free. Advice free.—38, Tottenham Court Rd., W.1, and 210, Edgware Rd., W.2 (Marble Arch). Hours by Optician.

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VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, etc., No Steel. Treatment sent on FREE TRIAL. Relief first application, or cannot cost a penny. No drugs or bandages. Astounding testimonials, hundreds of witnesses. Call or write NOW for Booklet "B" on Self Help Varicose. Le Pessour Surgical Co., Ltd., (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville St., Piccadilly, London, W.1. Birmingham Branch, 90, Worcester St.

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BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS.—A remarkable book on genuine cure sent privately, 3/-.—Mr. Rivers, J.B.18, 40, London Opinion St., W.C.1.

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SUFFERERS from Nasal Catarrh and Hay Fever would do well to try the cure suggested by Rodolfo Mallett in "Nature's Way." 140,000 copies sold. Post paid 1/1, from Watts, Johnson's Court, London, E.C.4.

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BALDNESS, Falling Hair. Discovery grows hair, stops falling hair. Booklet, testimony, free.—J. J. B., Godfrey, Whitchurch, Matlock.

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MISCELLANEOUS

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, the Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

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EYESIGHT DISCOVERY.—Weak eyes strengthened, glasses discarded. Great Book, testimony, free.—P. J. B. Godfrey, Whitchurch, Matlock.

BEETLES, Green Fly, Flies, in fact all insects, are killed instantly by "Sesto." Harmless to animals. Get it from your Chemist. "Sesto" the sure killer.

THE Spectacles Bellot, on page 3, should interest every reader. All prizes are guaranteed by St. Thomas's Hospital. Later to-day and you will be spotting a very deserving institution.

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I bought

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Vol. XXXVII. No. 990.
Week ending Saturday,
May 23, 1925. Twopence.

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The Paper on which the Sun never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Telephone: Gerrard 9366.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

This Week—

The Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Mond, Bt., M.P., on "My Cure for Unemployment" p. 15

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Special Articles by:

"A Gentleman with a Duster" .. .. p. 19
The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison .. .. p. 20
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Lady Alys Deverell .. .. p. 24

Ideal and Real.
Mr. Baldwin's engagements recently led him into three separate dissertations on truth, beauty, and goodness. Then he had to return to the discouraging task of propagating these among warring industrialists and politicians.

No Time to Waste.
The Cabinet Committee still "exploring" the subject of unemployment must get its plans out quickly if these are to be got going by next winter. The engineers who talked with Mr. Baldwin gave him some big leads.

Watch Developments.
Splits and differences widen among Liberal M.P.s. The Labour Party is certain of more distinguished recruits, and Parliament will become very interesting presently.

The Next Recruit.
But Sir Alfred Mond, inspired by Winston's somersault, looks elsewhere, and the Conservative camp will shortly receive his blessing. Mark our words!

Is It Necessary?
Another long list of Labour M.P.s prepared for touring, or lecturing abroad, is issued. In the present state of industry a little concentration on home affairs would not come amiss.

Budget-maker to Budge.
The protest against the silk duties gathers weight and focus. To throw further thousands recklessly on the "dole" is madness. Will sanity prevail?

We Oppose Secrecy.
Why are not all Parties to be represented in the Government enquiry on "dole" administration? In the interests alike of the unemployed, and the public which pays, there must be no falsification of facts.

Honour Only for Honour.
The Government at last proposes to introduce legislation to check traffic in titles. So another campaign of ours bears fruit.

Not at the Last Gasp.
Industrial conditions are not yet so desperate as certain Labour leaders like to make out. Amusement centres still show plenty of capacity for enjoyment and amusements mean money.

Hopeful Signs.
A large amount of war loan has lately been redeemed, chiefly by the workers. In one month considerably over £2,000,000 was paid into the savings banks for this purpose. It's a thoroughly healthy sign.

Cordiality.
Still another Welsh colliery is to be carried on by agreement between masters and men. It's the official side of the trade union that raises objections. Under the warm wind of co-operation they're being blown aside.

"Normal."
From private information we gather a revolution is in full swing in Montenegro. Officially the condition of the country is described as normal. Comment is superfluous.

A Bitter Pill.
Margot's apology to Lloyd George was a political move, dragged out of her by several of her husband's friends. For the sake of peace L. G. decided to swallow it.

Leading the Way.
The movement for the abolition of capital punishment is growing throughout the country. The people are infinitely more civilised than the politicians who govern them.

Good Business.
Russian imports in the first quarter of this year showed an increase of £982,732. Our exports to the same country showed an increase of £1,193,797. Facts speak.

As We Were.
A fleet of English-built motor-'buses maintains a good transport service in the streets of Moscow. The firm supplying them has in hand orders for one hundred more. So, after all the fury of the last General Election, peaceable trading goes on.

The Teacher's Right.
The Government's teachers' superannuation scheme does not give the teacher a statutory right. Why should a teacher feel less secure of his pension than a policeman?

There's the Rub.
The official restriction of rubber supplies has manifestly paid the rubber companies, but it is a form of Protection which is costing important industries dear.

A GIFT WORTH 25/-
to every "John Bull" Reader.
See page 2.

It Could Be Done.
The National Cider Institute at Ashton has celebrated its majority with "glory and fifty kinds of cider." Why should not cider-making be developed into a national industry? We can grow the fruit. We have the workers waiting. And it's a sound and wholesome drink.

Humanity in Law.
After November 19 it will be illegal to employ women and young persons in painting buildings with lead paint. Care must be taken that the Bill is not rendered inoperative by "possible exceptions." There must be no exceptions whatever to such an obviously wise move.

They Are the People.
When an Indian railway asked for tenders, British tenders were not only higher than Continental, but showed a tremendous discrepancy among themselves. There's a screw loose somewhere, and engineers—holding a proper enquiry—should be exactly the men to find it.

Martyred Youth.
A fourteen-year-old boy, living at Ammanford, South Wales, left school and went straight to work in Llandobie Colliery. Three weeks later he was crushed to death in a pit accident. Such chapters are of daily occurrence in the tragic tale of the mines.

A Judge's Horror.
At the Leeds Assizes Mr. Justice MacKinnon was "horrified" to hear a motor-driver declare that "commercial vehicles were not expected to give way to push bicycles." The £1,000 damages awarded the cyclist may serve to dispel this murderous heresy.

For Those in Need.
Old and very lonely, though not quite penniless, Mrs. Cobb, of Bridgewater, entered herself as a "paying guest" at the local workhouse. Now she is dead, and leaves a legacy of £300 to be applied for the benefit of her fellow inmates. It's a tribute to the kindness of the guardians and officials alike.

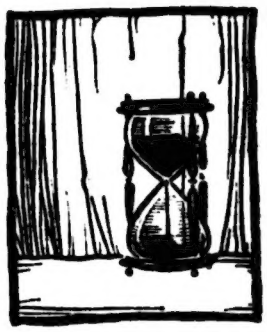
Doleful Dwellings.
"One-tenth of the dwellings at Wigton are unfit for human beings," according to the town's medical officer, "and the bulk of the people occupying them live on the dole." By building healthy houses Wigton's Town Council can solve the problem of its workless dole-drawers. A solution the medical officer should recommend.

The Tragedy of it.
When Mrs. Amelia Buchanan, a Bayswate. widow, was found dead in a gas-filled room a letter addressed to the coroner was discovered. The poor soul had taken this method to end her awful sufferings from cancer. She is not the only one. When half the money spent on destructive agencies is turned to research for amelioration of human life, cancer—like plague—will disappear

Problems of Life.

The Tale of Time

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.



THERE stands on my writing-table a beautifully executed miniature of a child of three years of age.

The original of the picture is a valued friend of mine whom I see very often and who is still hale and vigorous at four-score.

More than three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the miniature was painted, yet the face of the child is clearly discernible in that of the veteran.

All the history of a long life, with its joys and sorrows, successes and failures, good and ill, is graven into the countenance of the man who sits beside me. I look from him to the portrait, and from the portrait back at him, and I wonder what difference the years have made.

The child and the man are undoubtedly one—any observer can see that—but there are spiritual as well as physical changes to be noted as due to the passage of time.

NOR are these changes for the worse. The old face is better than the young face, for it tells the story of a life bravely and worthily lived.

The child's face is sweet and winsome; but I prefer the old man's after all; there is more depth of soul behind it. The child is still there, but there is something else there as well that I would not willingly part with.

I wish it were possible to say as much of every change from youth to age.

Is there anything more ghastly than an old face stamped and seamed with the indelible tokens of vice, self-indulgence, and evil passion?

DEAN INGE rightly says: "The face of the man who has found his work shows, in each decade of his life until the failure of his powers, increasing strength and dignity, and even beauty; while the man who lets himself drift shows in every line of his face that his will has been overpowered by disorderly impulses, or has simply abdicated. The portraits of good and great men at various ages, and the faces of those who are neither good nor great are instructive in this way."

There are few things more attractive than that return to the spirit of childhood so often seen at the close of life, when simplicity, kindliness, and humility are seen combined with the rich harvest of high thoughts and manful deeds garnered in the fulness of days.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Quarrelling Churchmen.

Because of differences of opinion between the congregation and the vicar, the Church of St. Aldhelm's, Edmonton, has been emptied of worshippers. "How these Christians love one another!" is the biting comment of a local observer. These squabbles in the name of religion are a public disgrace.

Social Pests.

We congratulate the North London magistrate, Mr. S. Pope, upon his firmness in dealing with James Knowles, of Seven Sisters Road, Tottenham, convicted of filthy behaviour. Five weeks imprisonment was not a whit too severe. In fining a clergyman £5 for a similar offence the Petworth magistrates recently failed in their public duty.

Another Job for the Coroner.

Three poor Selby chaps, without jobs, have been badly turned down for benefits at the employment exchange by its red-taped officials, because they served on a coroner's jury, and were paid a shilling each by Major Arundel. Whose job now is to see these men have just treatment.

Our Remedy.

For keeping a large number of dogs in a filthy, uncared-for and diseased condition, Marjorie Whitehead, a farmer of Farway, has been fined £15, and the farm is now placed under supervision. She complains that she is being "hounded out of Devon." If we had our way all persons who cause suffering to dumb animals would be not only hounded out, but in to prison. Fines can be paid, and the evil continued.

Scattered Seeds of Kindness.

When that old sea dog, George Parkin Cooley, came to live ashore he was more or less an invalid. But for the kindness of big-hearted Mrs. Holt, a woman out of Nottingham's poor quarters, his last years might not have been comfortable ones. She looked to his needs, never dreaming of the reward of a huge fortune of over £40,000 which Cooley left her when he died. Now she will be able to help others on a larger scale.

Bullock at Large.

The practice of driving bullocks through crowded suburban streets in the daytime is a highly dangerous one and ought to be stopped. At Beckenham recently an infuriated animal careered wildly down the main street scattering terror in its path. Local by-laws need amending.

The Pity of It.

Mr. Theodore Weld, of Peckham, had been out of work for twelve months when he obtained a job at a firm of spirit merchants at New Cross. The job came to an end, and Mr. Weld brought his own life to an end by drowning. So the tragedy of unemployment lengthens and deepens. When will the Government wake up?

The Man with a Heart.

When Mr. Bernard Baron, head of Carreras Tobacco Company, decides he has too much money, he simply gives it away. One hospital gets £10,000, another £8,000. Best of all, £60,000 has recently gone back to his workpeople. Comment is needless.

Never Too Old.

Mr. Philip Hellyer, of Plymouth, is no believer in self-pity, nor in drawing attention to one's own hard lot. Though sixty-seven years of age and nearly blind, he went to the rescue of a child in danger of drowning off the North Quay, and managed to save it. We add our congratulations to the public presentation he has received.

In Fragrant Memory.

When John Henry Beer, a rivet boy of Woolwich, was seen to be in difficulties in the river at Woolwich, Leslie Moyler, a boy scout of Plaistow, at once undressed and swam out. He was dragged down and died with the other. His gallantry, and that of Clayton and Rawlings who tried to help, sheds a bright gleam athwart the tragedy.

"The People"—the ONLY Sunday Paper to offer Free Insurance Benefits.

The Babies Pay.

When the inquest was held on a little nine-months-old boy at Newark, who had been suffocated in bed, the coroner rightly drew attention to the deplorable conditions under which the family lived instead of blaming the parents. Ten people in two bedrooms—probably none too large at that! Farm stock would be given more room. Is the scandal of our housing never to end?

A Bedroom for Ten.

"The West Riding County of Yorkshire spends vast sums of public money trying to cure the dreaded consumption it practically manufactures," according to Dr. J. R. Kaye, its medical officer. A scandal of housing, under which a family of ten (three adult males, two adult females, and five children) have no option but to sleep in the same bedroom, producing a high standard of disease and a low standard of decency.

A Uniform Disliked.

Out-of-work men, who seek a night's shelter at Keighley's casual ward, are deprived of their own clothing and called upon to put on pauper garb, although they have no wish to become inmates of the workhouse. This is in accordance with the rules, and John Spencer and Harry Greenwood are now serving twenty-one days each for refusing to wear the clothing. The rules evidently need revising on humane lines.

Once a Friend, Always——

When Mr. J. C. Gould was M.P. for Cardiff, and a millionaire, he saw a man in the gutter as he was returning from a Royal garden party. He recognised the wretched derelict as a man with whom he had navvied side by side many years before. He rescued him from starvation, set him on his feet, and now is able to say that the man has never looked back. The worth of a kind action is proved by such a sequel.

Consider the Living.

When a body, in such an advanced state of decomposition that identification was only possible by a plate of false teeth, was found floating in the sea, it was placed in the mortuary of Torbay Hospital. What a horror to be contemplated by poor persons whose relatives must perforce, before burial, rest in the same place. It is a disgrace to the Torquay Corporation. Possibly they will now take to heart the coroner's remarks as to the need for a public mortuary.

Woman's Nobility.

"She gave her life for her husband" may be written of Mrs. Cuzner, who while watching by his sick bed suddenly found her dress in flames. She rushed away to save him the shock of such a sight, and thus destroyed all chance of her own life being saved. Though every art of concealment, in accordance with her wish, was used, the invalid learned the news, and is likely to die of grief. Marital devotion like this is a significant answer to the laxity so much in evidence to-day.

It's Others They Injure.

Leicester Guardians have had before them the case of a woman who, while earning weekly wages, managed also to draw the dole, and also to wangle poor law relief up to 60s. per week. This shows ability that might well have been employed in other directions to earn sufficient for herself and children. It is just such cases which provide a handle for those wishing to class all dole recipients as "wrong 'uns." Therein lies the real wickedness of this class of fraud.

The Homes that are Not.

When Mr. Arnold Butler, at the Birmingham Police Court, had brought before him two young lads in their 'teens, charged with wandering abroad in the early hours without being able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, he refused to convict. The reason was just. The mother could find no house. Perforce her youngsters ran wild—potentially ripe for any mischief that might present itself. These two lads are to be provided for, but—there are others.

Are There Others?

At Dover, in one barracks, on one day, two soldiers committed suicide by shooting themselves. A tragic coincidence? Truly. But while at the inquest the same verdict for both was given, "Suicide while of unsound mind," it was stated that Lance-sergeant Palmer had been a prisoner of war for four years and suffered from delusions. Our men who have been through the war and are mentally afflicted in consequence have a right to expert treatment.

Kettering Justice.

George Moore, a groom, of no fixed abode, was charged at Kettering with stealing twelve eggs, valued at fifteen pence. He was sent to prison for one day. At the same court another person with a not less distinguished Irish name, John Redmond, a tramp, was charged with begging at Kettering. He was given seven days' hard labour. It is a splendid ideal to make the punishment fit the crime. We do not think that the Kettering magistrates have been successful.

Simple Simon Met a——

William Smith-Herbert is a smooth-tongued rogue who obtained money from Mr. Farrugia, an architect, Mr. Charles Cautley, an actor, and Mr. A. Robertson, an engineer, by pretending connection with the Colonial Office for the purpose of building hotels in West Africa. He goes to jail, but what amazes us is that business men are so gullible. Government offices supply their officials with credentials. Don't architects and engineers know that?

We're Always Warning Them.

For selling goods from a house which he took furnished, in order to live with a girl other than his wife, Marcel de Lange has at Birmingham been sentenced to three months' hard labour. Meanwhile the unfortunate young school teacher who trusted him has been robbed of her all, including clothes and a considerable sum of money. Character and money vanished! When will such silly sentimentalists learn that their salvation is in their own hands? Passion, irrespective of circumstances, always has the same end—ruin.

British Soldiers in Egypt.

We are receiving a great many complaints from British soldiers stationed in Egypt as to the amount of compulsory deductions made from their pay. It appears that the average Tommy, who draws about 80s. a month, has to pay out of this nearly 15s. a month for messing, sports clubs, rifle clubs, washing, etc. As most of these soldiers have to send money home, it can easily be seen that the charges leave little to spare. This is one of the things that the Higher Command might look into.

The Rector's Error.

The Rev. Cecil Walter Brett, of Ovington Rectory, Hedingham, was fined 50s. the other day for assaulting a labourer's wife after a dispute which arose over the rent of a cottage of which the rector wanted possession for somebody else. The rector said the woman wanted to get money and his wife said that the conduct of these villagers in a gentleman's garden was very socialistic. That may be, but rectors must not punch on the nose even socialistic women villagers. Muscular Christianity must find some other outlet.

A Cruel Performance.

There is a lady, named Mrs. Salisbury, of Bemerton, who is described as a clairvoyant, and recently, at the suggestion of Sir Oliver Lodge, she was called in to give her assistance in finding Elsie Ford, the nursemaid who disappeared from her home in Wiltshire. With the aid of one of the missing girl's hats, the preposterous Mrs. Salisbury said that Elsie had been taken away by a dark man, but would soon return safely to her home. Two days later the unfortunate girl's body was recovered from the river. This ought to put an end to Mrs. Salisbury's spiritualistic reputation, but among people who will believe anything perhaps it will only enhance it.

Putting it Over.

Edward Swann went to the house of an aged woman at Bevington Hill, Liverpool, and, finding she was alone, demanded money with threats. He pulled her about by her hair, kicked her, and hit her in such fashion that she lost sight of one eye. Mr. Justice Finlay let off this brute with a mere eight months' hard labour. What of the poor woman now all but sightless?

A Cabman's Trick.

There is an incorrigible rascal, named William Gill, of 199, Amelia Street, Walworth, who, in days gone past, was a cabman. His speciality is getting up imaginary concerts to help aged and infirm cabmen. He has been in jail before, and those to whom he tries to sell tickets will do well to discourage him firmly.

A Sweepstake Mystery.

"I am but a working man and yet I have got nothing from the Otley Sweepstake. I am tired of writing Mr. Lomas Walker, of Leeds. I hold two tickets, Nos. 193,451 and 193,452, for which I paid £1. Yet nothing comes, not even answers to my last four letters." This is the type of letter we are constantly receiving. When will the subscribers get their money back?

A Disreputable Trick.

There is a gentleman, named Hugh Preston, who operates as a Turf tipster from 12, St. Mary's Square, Newmarket. He declares that he makes an absolute speciality of one horse, one wire, one winner. We have before us the tips that he sent out to two different persons for the Victoria Cup at Hurst Park. To one of them he gave the tip "Donzelon"; to the other he gave "Creolian." That is one of the oldest tricks of the tipster's game.

More Light.

The Electric Light and Power Contracts Finance Corporation, Ltd., is appealing to the public for money. We suggest to the public that they would be very foolish to give it. The chairman of the board is Sir C. B. H. Soame, Bart., of Colebrookdale, Salop, who is a director of several companies run by that disastrous company monger, Lieut.-Col. E. Eaton. No satisfactory statement is made as to what work is being done by this concern, but there is a guess-work suggestion that profits will be at least enough to pay three times the dividend on the capital. If so, that will be quite a change for one of the Eaton companies.

A Hint from Leytonstone.

A new game is being played at Leytonstone. A man calls at an address and asks confidentially about the people next door, to whom he says he is going to let a house, and he goes on to say that he has another to let and anybody who wants it must buy some furniture in it cheap. He found a victim the other day who handed him over money for furniture which obviously did not exist and now the rascal has disappeared. This paragraph may save other victims.

The Bad Boy Again.

A reader of JOHN BULL writes to us to ask our opinion of Stanley Gordon, London's leading paying-guest specialist, of 40, Gerrard Street, W.1. Stanley took 10s. from our reader by explaining that he had a lady and gentleman requiring a bedroom and sitting-room, with partial board. He has not yet told our reader who his client is, nor has he returned the money. We recently described Stanley Gordon "the bad boy of the family." He is Mr. Donald T. Heysman, an impudent young rascal.

Easy Money.

There is a gentleman named Mr. C. Taylor, of 10, Wandsworth Road, London, S.W.8, who is sending out unsolicited post-cards on which he says that "as a professional backer of horses, I can make a good income, free of all taxes." If he can, he ought to get on with it and pay the income-tax collector as well. What he offers to do is to share his information with other people, on terms. Clearly if his information is as good as he says it is, it would be to his interest to keep it to himself. If he doesn't, you can draw the logical conclusion, put his cards in the waste-paper basket.

Lures for the Lonely.

We have already criticised as very undesirable the activities of Mr. N. M. Clare, 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W.1. This gentleman used to run the Universal Correspondence Club, the object of which was to introduce people who were friendless, and he advertised in South African papers that British ladies and gentlemen seek correspondents in South Africa. The dangers of this sort of thing are obvious. Now a reader sends us a cutting from the *Calgary Gazette*, Canada, in which F. A. Clare, 16, Cambridge Street, London, S.W., is advertising that British girls desire Canadian correspondents. We think British girls will be very foolish to have anything to do with such a proposition.

The Human Machine.

Minds and Mobs

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IT is a curious aspect of man's mental make-up that, though the individual may be sane, logical and responsible, in the mass this same individual becomes illogical and irresponsible.

Listen to any "mob orator" haranguing a crowd: observe any political speaker deliberately "handling" an audience! Neither of them would dare to talk to an individual member of the audience in the same way!

The crowd mind and the mob mentality is a thing as concrete and as analysable as the individual mind, despite the fact that it is composed of nothing but a number of individual minds.

Why, then, do otherwise well-balanced minds throw off their logic and their poise when they form units in a crowd?

Largely because it is an instinct to do what everybody else is doing. No one likes to be conspicuous. The fear of offending our fellows, or of being ignored by them, is very deep seated in us all.

Tradition, custom, convention—these are powerful gods we hold in awe, however much we may pretend the contrary.

SUCH an instinct has its uses and its abuses. It is, and should be, the basis of an ordered society, but that is no reason why any of us should act like sheep and follow blindly behind whatever leader offers.

Refuse to lose your individuality in a crowd. To recognise the danger is to go a long way to avert it. Keep your logical faculties well in hand and think for yourself all the time.

The mob is merely the equivalent of an unthinking individual, easy prey for the agitator and the crank.

You owe it to your self respect to be as logical an individual in a crowd as by your own fireside.

GREAT VACCINATION RAMP

SHAMEFUL MOCK SMALLPOX SCARE

Doctor's Field-day

CHESTERFIELD, the thriving Derbyshire mining town, has hitherto had a special claim to distinction in its twisted church spire.

It is now more likely to go down to posterity for having been the scene of the most extraordinary vaccination ramp in the history of medical muddle.

During the past eighteen months there has been an alleged smallpox epidemic in that part of the country, many hundreds of cases having come under the observation of the medical authorities. There have been no deaths, but the important national industry of vaccination has had a decided fillip.

Record vaccine score

A short time ago two cases were notified in the Chesterfield workhouse and infirmary. As there were 450 inmates and patients under the care of the board of guardians, the facilities for putting a considerable number of the townspeople "out of danger" at one fell swoop were obvious.

At the moment the guardians' medical officer, Dr. Flavell Edmunds, was on holiday, but his assistant took the matter in hand, and reported the cases to the Ministry of Health, asking their advice.

No definite instructions were forthcoming, the Ministry contenting themselves with "suggesting" that vaccination should be carried out.

Notification was also made to the Chesterfield borough health officer, Dr. R. P. Garrow, who apparently fell in with the suggestion. Accordingly the guardians' temporary medical officer felt justified in proceeding with the good work.

He must have had a field-day. Of the 450 potential beneficiaries, only thirty declined his offices, though whether the remaining 420 were in a position to decide either on the seriousness of the "smallpox" menace, or on the virtues of calf lymph, is very much open to doubt.

The lymph was administered without regard to age or sex. Children of tender years, men and women in their prime and aged cronies (one of them was ninety), with one foot already in the grave, were all alike grist to the vaccine mill.

So, too, were the imbeciles, who doubtless appreciated in a vague way that in the little prick on their arm was summed up the miracle of modern science and the sublime sanity of medical men.

Meanwhile the townspeople of Chesterfield were in blissful ignorance of the steps being taken further to safeguard them from the "smallpox" menace. Even the board of guardians as a body had received no report.

But vaccination will out. It happened that, three days after the event, the relatives of Mrs. Sheldon, an infirmary patient in her eighty-fourth year, received notice that she was gravely ill, and that they would have permission to visit her in spite of the infection ban put up by the authorities.

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health

Her daughter, Mrs. Stanyard, and her daughter-in-law called at the infirmary. They found her incoherent, but were told nothing about the vaccination.

Smallpox that isn't

On the second day they happened to see the bandage on her emaciated arm, and one of them, on bending down, heard the poor old lady mumble, "It's a caution to be vaccinated at eighty-six!" (The old lady was in the habit of adding to her years.)

She died some days later, death being certified as due to old age, and not to vaccination.

Whether Mrs. Sheldon and her fifteen odd companions in what is called the "Grannies' Ward" were fit to make a decision when vaccination was suggested is not clear. It does seem monstrous that their relatives, and those of the imbeciles, should not have been consulted.

This was the view of Councillor H. Hatton, to whom the matter was reported, and who has called for an enquiry. His question as to the truth of a rumour that four deaths had taken place following the "wholesale vaccination" was denied by the workhouse master; but, in view of the gravity of the whole business, we insist that the enquiry shall be full and open.

There are a few questions which we trust will be put to Dr. Garrow, M.D., D.P.H., Chesterfield health officer, who knows more about the "smallpox" scare than anyone else, and with whose knowledge the workhouse vaccination ramp was undertaken.

Only three months ago Dr. Garrow, a highly qualified man and an able practitioner, wrote an article for the *Lancet*, in which he makes the amazing statement that the disease which has been rife in Derbyshire and the East Midlands in recent years, and which has been notified and treated as smallpox, is not smallpox at all, but something which he terms "para-smallpox."

Don't pay!

From observation of 500 cases in Chesterfield, and others in the district outside, he concludes that "para-smallpox" cannot better be described than "pimples following influenza!"

The mortality in healthy subjects, he says, is nil, adding that "it does not convey an adequate impression of the mildness of this disease to say that no patient in this series of 500 cases or in the 200 in the county of Derby died of para-smallpox," and that "no case was sufficiently ill . . . to cause the slightest anxiety as to the issue."

Following such definite assertions as to the harmlessness of Derbyshire's own peculiar brand of smallpox, we shall require a great deal of convincing that there is any justification whatever for a transference of the ratepayers' money to the pockets of the medical profession for vaccination services rendered.

We trust that the Chesterfield workhouse fee will not be paid without protest.

An Incurable Impostor

Warning to the Charitable

AT Tankerton, near Whitstable, in the garden county of England, there is an institution with the somewhat dignified though rather extra-suburban title of the London Hospital for Incurables. People who may be applied to for contributions might be disposed to give them. After they have read this article we shall be surprised if they continue their contributions.

For one thing, the business of collecting these contributions is, to a large extent, in the hands of a person who ought not to be entrusted with the money of the public. His name is Walter Blackburn.

* * *

For years this man has lived on the proceeds of collecting money from the charitable for various institutions with which he has managed to get himself connected.

Apparently he has attained a dominating position at this London Hospital for Incurables, where he is assisted by a lady named Hilda Richmond. Hilda has been assisting Blackburn and has been his close associate for many years. Latterly his sight has failed considerably and she has taken an even larger share of the burden of his work.

This hospital—if such it can be called—is supported by voluntary contributions. People are collecting for it all over the country, and a great deal of the money so collected passes through the hands of the Blackburn gang.

* * *

We are long familiar with their methods. They take from the proceeds as much as they think they would like because they know that if there is anything over, and if they give it to the charities, it is very difficult to take effective proceedings.

Recently an advertisement appeared asking for a qualified nurse for this hospital. The advertisement was alluring, suggesting that the occupation was a very congenial one and that the surroundings were very comfortable. This advertisement was answered by a Belgian baroness, a woman of excellent reputation and established position.

She saw Mr. Blackburn and Miss Richmond at the London offices of the Westminster Charities Committee and she agreed to take over the position of matron at Tankerton at a small salary, promising also to raise money for the cause from her friends in Belgium.

She stayed only a week. She found that the inmates were in a wretched and filthy condition, and that the food was inferior. There was no adequate medical attention.

She came to the conclusion that the whole concern was being used by Blackburn and his gang as a source of livelihood. Blackburn is a notorious humbug. His Westminster Charities Committee is a dubious concern that he practically dominates.

* * *

Blackburn carries his unscrupulous methods into other matters. He recently had an unpleasant experience with a firm regarding a money matter in which he showed his usual enterprise. The firm got it back on the threat of prosecuting him. Scotland Yard detectives have been for years enquiring into Blackburn's activities. The Charity Organisation Society has repeatedly warned the public against him, as we have done.

On one occasion Scotland Yard went so far as to issue a small warning against the Westminster Charities Committee. Mild methods like this are useless with Blackburn.

Hyde & Seek Sweepstake

A bank at Monte Carlo

THE man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo was a famous figure in song and story a generation ago, and almost a hero of the music-hall world. There are still many people who frequent Monte Carlo in the hope of collecting as much as they possibly can of other people's money. It would be unwise to regard them with anything in the nature of hero-worship.

Amongst them we put the gentlemen whose names we have not the honour of knowing, but who comprise the International Sporting Club of Monte Carlo.

There is often much sport at this well-known resort, at the tables, where it is often disastrous, and on the grass plateau in front of the famous terrace, where pigeons, whose tails have first been plucked out, are shot by genial sportsmen—which is, in plain words, damnably cruel.

Outwitting the authorities

The game to which the International Sporting Club has devoted itself is of a different kind. It is running a sweepstake on the English Derby and is flooding this country with tickets, on which is printed an enticing picture of the French Riviera and the more practical announcement that the tickets are priced at £1.

It ought to be known to everybody that the authorities here have banned all sweepstakes in Great Britain other than those confined strictly to actual members of a club or association, and the sweepstake must be confined entirely within those limits. It is to outwit the authorities that the International Sporting Club has decided to make Monte Carlo its headquarters for a Derby Sweepstake.

It announces to would-be subscribers in England that the British postal authorities return to senders all letters containing money addressed to the International Sporting Club for the purchase of sweepstake tickets.

The suggestion is, therefore, made that remittances should be sent through banks having branches in Monte Carlo; or through the authorised agent, Mr. H. Hyde, 42, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

We do not understand why banks should be invited to defeat the postal authorities, or why anybody—whether his name be Hyde or Jekyll—should be allowed to do the same thing. But, apart from that, we advise our readers to have nothing to do with this enterprise.

If it goes wrong, and they are plucked like the Monte Carlo pigeons, they will find it very hard to recover their money through the long-distance legal machinery of the principality of Monaco.

Information given, and withheld

In any case, the club does not tell us whether it is a proprietary club, whether it has a committee, and, if so, who the members are, or whether it publishes any balance-sheets.

It does say, however, that its sweepstake will be backed financially by the administration of the Casino. Why "will be"? Why do not they say plainly that it is backed by the administration, if it is really being so backed at all?

Why are we not told what is the nature of the backing, whether trustees have been appointed to carry out this backing, and, if so, what are their names?

Until this information is forthcoming we have nothing but condemnation of this project and advise that it should be left severely alone until Mr. Hyde leaves us with less information to seek.

Night Club Revels

A fresh lease of life

THOSE who are concerned for public decency and good conduct in this country have learned with regret that the Night Club Bill which was introduced by the Government has been suspended and is to be carried over to take its chance in another session.

That regret, however, is not shared by those who make a business of carrying on night clubs and who are using the interval in a burst of feverish activity to make all the money they can in the time that is left. In plain words, the worst kind of night clubs are being carried on as audaciously as ever.

The police, however, have succeeded in curbing, for the present at any rate, the activities of a notorious figure in the underworld. This is Frederick Ford, who might well be described as the King of the Night Clubs, just as the well-known Mrs. Merrick was given the title of Queen of the Night Clubs.

Frederick Ford has certainly well earned the description of an undesirable person. He has had two convictions for housebreaking, one for theft, one for conspiracy to defraud, and he has also served a sentence of five years' penal servitude for malicious wounding—a nice gentleman for acting as the host at night clubs to which innocent and unwary persons may be taken, including, as in a recent case, Harrow school-boys.

Raided by race-gang Thugs

At one time Frederick Ford had some trouble with certain members of the "Sabini" gangs, and they did not make any pretence of hiding the fact that Ford was their enemy. Let us see what happened.

In Ham Yard, within a stone's-throw of Piccadilly, there is a den to which we have constantly drawn the attention of the police. It is called the New Avenue Club. It has had a chequered history. Originally it was the Avenue Club. It was raided by the police, and its proprietors—one of whom was an alien—were fined at Marlborough Street.

The native proprietor could not pay his share of the fine and he went to jail for two months. The alien handed the club over to Frederick Ford, and a notorious bookmaker was a prominent figure there, demanding entrance fees for strangers who came there for drink after hours.

The place was constantly crammed—it was quite unfit to be a club—and foul stuff was sold there at fancy prices. A riot took place one night and a gang of ruffians, armed with pokers, razors and knuckle-dusters, raided the place and beat up several people who were there. Women frequenters, by the way, were in many cases not charged for admission.

A camouflaged proprietorship

After that, Ford opened the Cursitor Club, in Chancery Lane. That club, too, was raided by the police, and Ford, though he had hoped to get off on appeal, was sent to jail for three months, a quite inadequate sentence.

But we warn the police that even this sentence may not prevent such clubs as these from being carried on. It is the common talk in the underworld that Ford had made all arrangements for a camouflaged proprietorship which he hoped would be able to carry on until he had served his sentence.

It is for the administration to see, while the Night Club Bill is in a state of suspended animation, that this ingenious plan of Ford's is not carried out.

HUGE INSURANCE SCANDAL

MILLIONS OF POUNDS LOST

Princely Salaries and Huge Dividends

THE swindling of the poor and helpless is in any circumstances a grave scandal. When it is carried on under legal sanction and on a wholesale scale, and when those who profit by it hold a high and respected place in the commercial life of the nation, it becomes a public duty, at whatever cost and whatever the obstacles in the way, to expose and denounce the whole nefarious conspiracy.

That is why we have determined to tackle resolutely the greatest scandal of modern times—the exploitation of the poor by industrial assurance companies, who cloak their mean and grasping practices with the noble word "thrift."

Our recent protests have had a double effect, doing good to the people we are resolved to protect and eliciting still more information as to the gravity and extent of the scandal.

The problem outlined

We propose to deal with it in a series of articles that will, we believe, arouse such a volume of indignant public opinion that may enable the victims to realise their rights and limit the plunder for which the companies have schemed.

In this, the first, article we propose to outline in a general way the history and position of the problem.

The years from 1840 to 1850 occupy a very unenviable page in the history of our country, owing to the poverty and misery of the common people of that period. Many centuries will pass before the "hungry forties" are forgotten. It was during these years of national emergency and suffering that industrial assurance had its beginning in England.

To-day it is an immense industry, which has spread its octopus-like tentacles to every corner of the land, and, instead of spreading wholesale benefits, has become a deadly menace to the well-being of the poor, who are being fleeced of millions of their savings every year.

We talk much, in these days, of the malevolence of money-lenders. But the impositions of money-lenders on the unwary is as a drop in the ocean compared with the duping of people by industrial assurance corporations.

But the facts about the workings of industrial assurance companies are so carefully hidden from the public gaze that, for the most part, those who have the real welfare of the poor at heart are entirely ignorant of what is going on behind the scenes. It shall be our effort to throw light on the dark places.

Few people realise what an enormous amount of money is paid by the workers of this country to industrial assurance companies and collecting friendly societies. Still less do they realise how little policy-holders receive in return for the very large amount of money they yearly pay away.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Parmoor, K.C.V.O., who was Chairman of the Industrial Assurance Departmental Committee, might well be called upon to draft a Bill on the lines here suggested.

For the year 1923 the premiums collected by these institutions amounted to over £40,000,000, or over £130,000 for every working day of the year. In addition to this vast sum, the same institutions had an income of nearly £9,000,000 a year, which represented the interest on moneys they had collected. Thus the income came to over £50,000,000 in that year.

Salaries and pickings

The whole of this vast sum of money is placed in the hands of a few men. These men use that money, not so much for the purpose for which it was primarily given and intended, but for the purpose of building up the vested interests of the institutions they control. Out of the income of over £50,000,000 for the year 1923, the shareholders and staff took between them about £18,000,000, being over 40 per cent. of the premiums collected, or about one-third of the total income. That is to say, that when a working-man put aside sixpence, as a provision for a future emergency, twopence of his sixpence was swallowed up.

That is not all. In addition to salaries and emoluments drawn by some of these men, which amounted in many instances to more than double the salary paid to the Prime Minister of this country, there were other pickings. Six companies paid dividends of 50 per cent. and over, and some fifty families each took over £20,000 during that year.

The reward of thrift

The total amount returned to policy-holders for the year 1923 was £14,000,000 only. Thus the shareholders and the directors and the paid officials took for themselves £4,000,000 more than the poor, deluded policy-holders who had paid in all the money. During the same year over 6,000,000 policies lapsed.

How is it done? An example will illustrate the procedure. John Reed is an old-age pensioner, between seventy and eighty years of age, who lives in the Fountain Road Almshouses, Hull. He insured his life in the year 1889, and for twelve years he paid a weekly premium of practically 7s. a week.

In 1923, owing to increasing infirmity, he could pay no longer. His policies lapsed. He had paid in premiums £215. The amount which he could claim was £138. Thus the premiums paid amounted to £77 more than the sum assured.

It was a very good transaction for the company. Did it show any gratitude to the splendid old man? No. It gave him £12 5s. for his lapsed policies and pocketed the balance of £177.

The State itself should undertake this whole business of industrial assurance for its citizens, or it should pass a law which will enable every one who cannot keep up his premiums to get at least a paid-up policy for an amount that will bear a reasonable proportion to what he has contributed.

Judicial Murder Prevented

"John Bull" Just in Time

IN our issue of May 9 we referred to the case of Israel Conn, a helpless, deformed cripple who, by some amazing miscarriage of justice, had been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for an assault on Major Turnbull and another official at the Wembley Exhibition. Now that the whole story can be told, it will be seen that we were only just in time to avert as cruel a tragedy as any in the long history of the criminal law.

* * *

A poor, undersized little fellow, suffering from a debilitating disease beneath which he has wasted to a shadow, Israel Conn was no more capable of assaulting the exhibition attendants than a six-months-old baby.

His conviction by the Wealdstone magistrates was an outrage and an absurdity, as ridiculous as it was cruel, while the fact that conviction and sentence were in due course confirmed at the Middlesex Sessions is one of those legal mysteries which baffle the understanding of the layman.

The only explanation we can suggest is that Conn was tried with three others, all active and able-bodied; and it seems never to have dawned upon the intelligence of his judges that the fourth prisoner was a semi-paralysed cripple whose stoutest blows would not have harmed a child.

* * *

The result of this blunder might have been a bitter tragedy. Fortunately, the four prisoners had been released on bail, pending an application to the Divisional Court on a technical point of law, and it was therefore necessary that they should be brought up at the Middlesex Sessions, on May 9, before being sent to jail.

Seizing this slender opportunity, we instructed an experienced criminal advocate to appear on behalf of Israel Conn and plead that a more merciful view might be taken of his case.

Also we approached the Home Office, with the result that Conn was examined by Dr. Watson, the medical officer of Brixton Prison, whose evidence left no doubt that the whole affair was a miserable travesty of British justice.

This unhappy invalid, said Dr. Watson, was suffering from an obscure disease, the effect of which had been to cause such wasting of the muscles as to induce almost complete paralysis, and his removal to prison would be a "highly injudicious" proceeding likely to be attended with "unfavourable" results.

After a strong plea by counsel the chairman intimated that the sentence of imprisonment would be quashed, and Israel Conn "bound over to come up for judgment if called upon."

All through the painful proceedings the court betrayed an uneasy recognition of the fact that a terrible blunder had been perpetrated, and only repaired it at the last minute, through the intervention of a newspaper which had constituted itself the friend and adviser of a defenceless boy.

* * *

What would have happened if Conn had found no friend, if there had been no money to fee counsel, and so secure skilled advocacy?

Prison doctors do not indulge in flights of sentiment, but read between the lines of Dr. Watson's cold phraseology, and two words inevitably suggest themselves to the mind: "Judicial Murder." If Israel Conn had died in jail, this crime would have been consummated in the name of "justice."

A HUMAN DEVIL AT LARGE

CULT OF THE FLAMING SOULS

A Religion We Do Not Want

SOME months ago we commented upon the dangerous doctrines of the "Cult of the Loving Guru," a mysterious movement in which people of an undesirable type practise a so-called "new religion" which, in reality, is veiled immorality.

Since then a great deal of further information has come to hand, and it is clear that our police authorities must watch closely the movements of the leaders of this cult, who are very actively preparing to launch an extensive campaign in this country. The present headquarters of this noisome sect are in America, but for some considerable time agents have been working stealthily in various parts of the world.

An amazing document recently came into our hands from New York, which reveals the fact that the vengeance of the Ku Klux Klan is about to be directed against the "Cult of the Loving Guru," and that sensational developments are expected.

The sign of Ku Klux Klan

The "Temple" of the "Loving Guru Cult" is situated at Nyack, New York. Shortly after nine o'clock the other evening a bomb explosion rocked the countryside for miles around Nyack and South Nyack, and a huge flaming cross blazoned itself across the heavens, which is the sign of the Ku Klux Klan.

Hundreds of men and women were thrown into panic, and fled as quickly as they could from this fiery emblem of death.

The sinister master behind this cult who has thus aroused the vengeance of the greatest and most dangerous secret society in the world is a rascal who passes under a variety of names. His latest and favourite alias is Pierre Bernard, but he is also known as Baker—which is his real name, and which, for a reason best known to himself, he conceals from his devotees.

Apart from the title of the "Cult of the Loving Guru," this foul organisation is also described by its devil-worshippers as the "Cult of Flaming Souls," and the "Tantrick Order." Its business is corrupt to its very foundations, and we are now in a position to say that some of the biggest secret service people in America have conducted exhaustive investigations concerning it, though so far, without any effective result.

When Bernard was quite young, he came in touch with a wealthy and degraded Oriental, who hypnotised this young and effeminate boy, and instilled in his imaginative brain the teachings and doctrines of Eastern vice.

Pierre Baker ('Bernard')

Bernard soon began to realise that there are many foolish and weak-minded creatures whose search for hectic adventure is unending and who are easily led by people who profess to have exclusive knowledge of what is called the "Higher Wisdom of Love."

So he started, in a small way at first, to appease the wants of such temperamental fools. London and Paris saw much of him and his sinister teachings some years ago.

Disciples in the temple

Little by little his business grew, until he became known as the "Hindu Mahatma." By this time he had grown so cunning, and was possessed of such hypnotic power, that he had "initiated" a large number of erotic people into his strange and blasphemous and disgusting order.

He got in touch with a man named Nichols, who is a notorious creature, utterly devoid of any decent feeling, and who is well known to the police as Morton Hargis. This man is a jailbird, and an even worse rascal than Bernard, for it was he who first saw the great possibilities which lay before Bernard before his sinister talents had been properly brought out and exercised.

A great "Temple" was built, in which the most awful things occurred, where, little by little, Bernard fed his disciples with enough knowledge to make them anxious for more.

The scoundrel Hargis is in reality a person named Winfield Nichols, who a few months ago went through a form of marriage with Barbara Vanderbilt Rutherford Hatch, an extremely wealthy American woman, whose family is so exclusive that many of the highest people in America were amazed that the bride should be mixed up with so conspicuous a member of this cult of vicious practices.

A song and dance

After the ceremony she went to the office of Bernard and was there for the remainder of the day. In the grounds were a number of beautiful women, clad in kimonos, which were a riot of colour, while several erotic male members of the colony did weird exercises to the music of a passionate love-song.

But now that the Ku Klux Klan, the secret society which punishes criminals and evil-doers as it thinks they should be punished, has sent across the sky its dread warning, Pierre Bernard is finding America too hot for him.

Here is an extract from a statement made to us by one of the many in America who regard it as a scandal that this man has not been brought to book:

"I hope you will fight against his entry into England . . . and that you will be able to frustrate his plans. I urge you to do all that is possible to put the public on their guard—especially where their women are concerned."

We will. Bernard will not disregard the Ku Klux Klan—he cannot hypnotise that. But we tell him plainly that we do not want him here, and if he does attempt to get into this country, he will find the British public ready to deal with him appropriately, and with no measure of leniency.

Absconding Russian Rascal

Leaves Mother to Face Music

WE have a very low opinion of Michael Rubinstein. Michael, a young Russian, recently committed a breach of the law by breaking his bail at Old Street Police Court.

That, in itself, would not earn our contempt, for there are many motives, not in themselves unworthy, which might prompt a man to become a fugitive from justice.

It happens that Michael, by taking wing, proved himself to be a callous and unfilial wretch. He purchased his freedom at the price of his own old mother's agony.

The circumstances of his disappearance, we may add, do not reflect creditably on the police officials concerned, who displayed a lack of caution which deserves censure.

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Some weeks ago Michael Rubinstein, with three colleagues in a firm trading at an address in Arthur Street, E.C., was brought before the Old Street magistrate on a long-firm charge. He asked for bail, and stated that his mother, Mrs. Fanny Rubinstein, of Pelham Street, E., would stand surety in £250.

Mrs. Rubinstein appeared at the court, and, mother-like, was ready to give any kind of pledge for her son's good behaviour. Her knowledge of the English language was only less limited than her knowledge of the English law, and, when she put a X in a book presented to her (she is unable to write) it is doubtful if she realised that she was binding herself to pay £250 in the event of her son's disappearance, or in default to go to prison.

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But, whether or not, it seems extraordinary that the old woman should have been accepted by the officials as being in a position to pay such a sum of money.

A superficial enquiry would have revealed that Mrs. Rubinstein was hardly in a position to bind herself for 250 pence. Her home, in a squalid tenement, contains only a few sticks of the poorest furniture, and she is supported by two daughters earning very small wages.

After several remands, Michael, her joy and pride, failed to respond to his name at Old Street, and succeeded in eluding the police, who made an immediate search. Mrs. Rubinstein was formally called upon to pay the forfeit of £250.

Failing to produce even a silver coin by way of instalment she was formally sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and, in a state of bewilderment, taken "downstairs."

Old Street Court enjoying the reputation it does for humane treatment under Mr. Clarke Hall, it is unnecessary to add that the sentence was not put into effect, Mrs. Rubinstein being released for a week with instructions to produce either the money or her fugitive son.

Mrs. Rubinstein gave way to pardonable despair, and spent the week in tears and lamentations. As far as she knew, it would be her last week's freedom on earth, for her age and her state of health were not such as to make imprisonment an easy experience.

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Desperate efforts were made to trace her son Michael, but without avail. Although he must have realised the position in which he had placed his feeble old mother, he neither appeared himself nor sent any message.

Mrs. Rubinstein's worst fears have not been realised, and she is still at liberty. We suggest that her sentence be cancelled and that when Michael is apprehended, as he must be sooner or later, he alone should be made to answer.

Milking and Bilking

Kind friend badly treated

WHEN a man tries to do a good turn to another, and as a consequence is himself exposed to serious inconvenience and loss, he is entitled to a good deal of sympathy. When the man that he tries to help is an unemployed ex-Service friend, that sympathy will be all the more general and complete.

A reader of JOHN BULL, anxious to help an old comrade who was out of work, decided to invest some money so that his friend might get employment. He saw an advertisement inserted by Fred John Witham, of the Surrey Farmers Milk Supply Co., Brentford, Middlesex, and got in touch with him.

Witham told him a very assuring story—that he had a large and flourishing milk round, of which he was quite willing to dispose as he desired to turn his attention to something that would give him wider scope for his energies.

Witham told him that he was willing to part with this old-established milk round and its goodwill of a large number of satisfied customers for the consideration of £230.

Moreover, he made a very handsome condition. He said that the ex-Service nominee of the purchaser could take over a round for seven days and at the end of that time if he were not perfectly satisfied he could have his money back.

An obliging deceiver

This seemed so handsome that our reader fell for it and parted with his money on the spot. He happened not to have his own cheque-book with him at the time, but Witham very obligingly produced a cheque of his own which happened to be drawn on the same bank and our reader filled it in.

At the end of seven days the ex-Service man had had a salutary experience. He found that there were customers on the round and that they were very well satisfied because they were getting the milk at 2d. a quart cheaper than anybody else would supply it. At that price the dairy round was not worth anything to the man who ran it, so the benefactor demanded his money back.

He found that the cheque had been lodged and cleared and Mr. Witham had pocketed the proceeds. He was unable to return the money, so the benefactor promptly issued a writ and, as one might expect, shortly after wards got judgment for the amount claimed.

That is a somewhat different thing from getting the money back. Witham undertook to pay it at the rate of £2 a week, which he did for three weeks, leaving the balance unpaid.

Breaking out afresh

Now Witham cannot be found and the money cannot be found either. The matter has been reported to the police, who have had a good many other complaints about Witham, and there the matter for the moment rests.

There is good reason to suppose that this is not the first time that Witham has worked this ingenious dodge, and it is quite possible that he is at the present moment preparing another coup of the same kind.

We are only sorry that our reader did not write to us about this before instead of after the event. But his experience as now set forth may save some other well-intentioned person from a similar disappointment.

Dying, not Drunk

Tumour, not tipple

THERE will probably never be, even in the medical profession, complete agreement as to the symptoms of and the final test for drunkenness; but where a demonstrable error in diagnosis has occurred in this respect it is as well to put it on record as a cautionary measure.

The other day a Hackney constable arrested a man, named Albert Klein, aged sixty-five years, of 133, Roding Road.

According to his story, the man was found in a fighting attitude in the street with a cut on the back of his head. He was taken to the police-station, where the divisional surgeon, Dr. Stanley Turtle, came to the conclusion that he was suffering from the effects of drink.

Later the man got considerably more violent, and shortly after midnight, after he had been some hours in the police cell and before he had again been seen by the doctor, he was taken to the Hackney Infirmary, where he died later on in the day.

A post-mortem examination showed that he had a tumour on his brain fully the size of a walnut, which was quite enough to account for the unfortunate man's irregular and apparently eccentric conduct.

If after he had become steadily worse, instead of steadily better as one might expect in the case of a drunken man, he had again been seen by the police doctor, he might have had a better chance of his life, though, of course, there is no certainty about this.

Incidents of this kind show how desirable it is to have more certain tests for drunkenness and more latitude for dealing carefully with people who do not conform to the ordinary experience of conduct in such circumstances.

A Police Trap

Constable and terrified boy

THERE is a police-constable in Newmachar, near Aberdeen, who does not seem to understand as much as he might about the liberty of the subject. It appears that somebody complained to him that some naughty boys had killed two tame rabbits belonging to what is locally called a residenter, and had also overturned some stooks. He called a boy, named William Walker, to the door of the police-station and asked him about the rabbits.

The boy said he knew nothing about the rabbits, but pleaded guilty to having been in the fields when the stooks were overturned.

The constable asked the boy if he had ever been in jail, and on the frightened lad saying that he had not, the constable took the boy inside and put him in a cell, from which he was released a little while later.

The constable ought to have known perfectly well that he had no right to do this, as he is at least not yet a magistrate, and that it is only by a decision of a properly constituted court or after a charge has been formally entered, which must come before a properly constituted court, that anybody can be put in a cell. Aberdeen is in Scotland, not in Prussia.

The widowed mother of the terrified boy sued the constable for compensation, but she did not get it. The Sheriff said that the action of the constable was very injudicious, but it did not amount to false imprisonment. We hope that Constable Reid has learned a lesson and will refrain in future from exercising magisterial functions.

POOR LITTLE GEORGE!

ADOPTED ORPHAN'S TRAGIC STORY

Amazing Reformatory School Scandal

ONE of the brightest jewels of the British Constitution is the *Habeas Corpus* Act, which dates back to the great days of Magna Carta and under which the High Court of Justice can issue an order directing that any person in custody can be brought before it.

In nothing else, perhaps, more than in this is the sure shield of British justice conspicuous. But if a poor boy is taken off to a reformatory school his case is apparently too negligible for the invocation of that potent weapon won for us by the barons at Runnymede.

Take the case of an unfortunate boy named George Lambert, who is now incarcerated in the notorious Redhill Farm School. How did he get there? We have no hesitation in saying that he got there by a combination of circumstances which were as remarkable as they were unfortunate for him.

The lad is an orphan. But he was fortunate enough to be adopted by a good woman of the working class, who, though she had a large family of her own, took pity upon him and brought him up with every kindness and consideration He was as happy as the day was long.

Arrested— and discharged

He was a wayward little fellow and rather inclined to play pranks. He was none the worse for that. One day, when out playing with other boys, something was stolen, and he was arrested. But he was found not guilty and discharged.

Apparently, however, it does not do a boy any good to have to stand in the dock at the police court, even though he is innocent and is able to prove his innocence. Some time later he was found with a tin box containing tools under his arm. A policeman stopped him and asked him where he got them. He said he found them in a garden of an empty house in the neighbourhood. He was bound over in the sum of £5.

Now it was discovered a little later that these tools were his own property, having been given to him by his adopted mother to play with. If this had been known to the court he would not have been bound over, for not even the least experienced of magistrates can convict a boy of stealing his own property.

But these two coincidences, a charge which failed and a charge which ought never to have been brought, had caught the lad in the meshes of the law.

He was put on probation, and as soon as the following summer came the naughty little rascal went off to play, and the vigilant vindicators of the law went after him and haled him up to the Lambeth Juvenile Court, where he was charged with having broken the probation order. The learned magistrate ordered him to be sent to a reformatory school until he was nineteen years old.

Knocked down by a 'bus

But misfortune had not finished with its boy victim. In trying the case the learned magistrate observed that possibly this boy had not a good home.

Now, as the case came on early, the adopted mother was unable to be present in time, so she sent her little daughter in her place. When the daughter heard this hypothetical insinuation against her home, it was too much for her. Casting discretion to the winds, she got up and shouted, naturally but disrespectfully, "Perhaps he has got a darned sight better home than you've got!"

All wrong, of course. That is not the way to speak to learned magistrates, and she was promptly bundled out of court, having done her little foster-brother more harm than good.

That was not all. As the lad was being taken away by two police-officers, he saw his affectionate foster-mother hurrying to the court. This was too much for a lad who had not yet become accustomed to the idea that he was a prisoner. He dashed away from the police-officers towards his mother and was knocked down by a passing 'bus.

Happily he was not badly hurt. But his case shows how, once you have been in the hands of the law, you are automatically regarded as a fierce and furious fellow. The local newspaper, describing the scene, told how this juvenile desperado had attempted to insult the law, to defy the police, to disregard the tenets of religion by "attempting to throw himself under a 'bus."

Poor little George! He had made a very bad mess of his life and of his reputation, and, when he was carried off to durance vile, what seemed chiefly to prey upon his mind was the supposed aspersion upon the beloved mother who had befriended and cared for him.

He wrote: "I am writing about what has been said about my mother not looking after me. As far as I am concerned, I think I have been looked after too much. Everything I wanted I had, and even when the war was on and things were very bad there was plenty. Never have I seen a bit of margarine in the house, and when butter was 5s. a pound there was always plenty on the table. My own parents could not have cared so much for me as Mrs. Lambert did. She has treated me like one of her own and never will I be able to pay her back for what she has done for me."

A very proper letter, in our opinion, and one which does equal credit to Mrs. Lambert and to the little boy. But the authorities possibly have their own views about letter-writing, and this may have been regarded, in conjunction with the charge that was dismissed and the charge that ought not to have been brought, and the attempted suicide that never took place, as highly suggestive of mental instability.

What hope for the future?

Now, in view of this extraordinary combination of coincidences, of which little George has been, in our opinion, the innocent victim, and in view of the fact that he has a good home, where he will be well looked after—his health is not good, nor likely to be improved in a place where he cannot get the special treatment he ought to have—we make a special appeal to the Home Secretary to investigate this case himself and to show mercy to one who has been so badly treated by "Justice."

A Pious Pretender

Another Housing Swindle

A READER of JOHN BULL writes to ask us what we think of the Midland Estates, Ltd., which has its registered office at Sunny Bank, Lidgett Lane, Rotherham, Yorks. What we can tell the reader is something about a gentleman called F. Caudle, who is the midland manager of the Midland Estates. Incidentally we advise our reader to have nothing whatsoever to do with him.

Perhaps we may quote a little description we have previously employed with regard to this worthy. We called him "a mealy-mouthed and sanctimonious person, whose job of work in life seems to be to combine blatant piety, pulpit propaganda and financial company promoting, honeycombed with bogus pretentions and naked fraud and followed by irretrievable losses for those who entrusted their money to this clerical shark."

* * *

Caudle ran a concern, the Industrial House Purchase Society, Ltd., which lasted from one summer to another. During that time he collected some £6,000 from the public. He spent less than half this on the purposes for which the money was obtained, and the management expenses in ten months came to over £2,000. Caudle was secretary and paid himself £10 a week.

* * *

We can give an example of the way he did business. A lady came to him and asked his assistance to buy a house. She put down £118 in hard cash, and the society was to advance her the balance so that she could buy the house she wanted.

What really happened was that Caudle took the money from her and then borrowed £100 on a mortgage and got the property transferred to him in his own name. The lady was left under the delusion that the property was hers. It was not. All that she got was the faint hope of getting back her money from a concern that had gone on the rocks.

Let us take another example of the Caudle manner. This sanctimonious humbug took £500 from a doctor in a south coast watering-place for another house-purchase transaction. At the time his Industrial House Purchase Society was in deep and difficult waters and steering straight for the rocks.

Caudle used this money not to buy a house but to pay other people who were threatening him. The doctor never got his bungalow. He, too, got a legal right to sue a bankrupt company. What a hope!

We have called him a sanctimonious humbug. In a printed pamphlet Caudle appealed "to all the Lord's children to help him in his great work." He was running a mission at the time, and he said that "the mission has no funds, but the founder is stepping out on the promises of Almighty God. He has called and I am answering."

* * *

We do not know to what extent Mr. Caudle is concerned with the Midland Estates, Ltd. That concern may be able to keep him in order.

We sincerely hope so, but in the meantime we think we are justified in warning prospective customers to be very careful in accepting any statements or any guarantees held out by this plausible and canting trickster.

The Sentence of the Court

MARGOT'S LATEST

Countess Takes the Count

by HARRISON OWEN

ENTERING the dock with a bulky diary under her arm and a fountain pen in her hand, the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, when asked if she was guilty or not guilty of a charge of using insulting language, replied, "In the words of my famous husband, Wait and see."

"The pert remark the Court has just heard," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C.," might have passed for wit among 'The Souls' and other precious cliques which considered the accused, when she was Margot Tennant and, later, Margot Asquith, a person of dazzling originality; but may I respectfully suggest that the Countess is quite a big girl now, and it is time she forgot the tricks of her 'diary-maid' days?

"THE present charge is founded on a passage in her latest literary effort, 'Places and Persons,' in which she records that when a Frenchman asked if there was any one left who believed in Mr. Lloyd George, she informed him 'that Mr. Lloyd George's absence of political principle, incapacity of straight dealing, and pathetic ignorance of foreign affairs had brought a dazzling career into seclusion.' This shows that the new Oxford manner does not differ greatly from the old Margot manner, which, for years, revealed the Peter Pantaloon qualities of the Flapper Who Won't Grow Up. I am not specially concerned to defend L. G., but when the accused says that he never was a 'serious politician,' I must remind her that, whatever his faults, L. G. pulled his weight in the war when her own distinguished husband was waiting to be pulled through by someone else."

Mr. Strawsplitter said that it had always been the misfortune of the Tennants that everything they said or did attracted attention. As his client had said, "It is a way we Tennants have." As a girl, Lady Oxford was unable to ride a horse up the stairs of a Mayfair mansion and knock over a few statues without being talked about. This curse of unwanted publicity still clung to her, so that she could not even publish a book without inquisitive persons reading and reviewing it. Seeing, however, that Lady Oxford had graciously explained that the passage in question had crept into her book through "inadvertence," he (counsel) thought the matter might be dropped.

* * *

"IT can scarcely be said," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "that Lady Oxford has tendered a very handsome apology. Merely to express regret for not having deleted the passage is as if a burglar were to apologise, not for his burglary, but for being caught with the swag in his possession. Mr. Lloyd George has a grievance, not because the Countess forgot to take the passage out, but because she remembered to put it in. The lady may have justification for her hostility toward L. G.—for one thing, I understand he was one of the few eminent statesmen guilty of the unpardonable neglect of not asking her to marry him, but her public display of resentment is not likely to make things happier in the gloriously reunited Liberal Party.

"As a lady 'bookmaker,' Margot evidently feels that she must go a little over the odds to attract patrons; but, nowadays, she should remember the motto, *Noblesse oblige*, and try to adjust her newly acquired coronet at a less rakish angle. I must order that her diary be confiscated and that she be warned off the inky way for the next two publishing seasons."

Not for Publication

REDS UNMASKED

Sedition and the Soviet

by "CENSOR"

"LEAKAGES" of foreign affairs documents (like the one lately printed in an American paper) are nothing to be surprised at. I happen to know that at the time the new Cabinet was overhauling the question of European "pacts" and our policy towards France many confidential memoranda were passing to and fro. While the decision was still in the balance there was a strong temptation for various points of view to seek a little backing from outside and get their arguments reflected in "organs of public opinion." There is, obviously, a chance of some document going astray "accidentally on purpose."

* * *

ALL the facts relating to that famous Zinovieff letter are now available. Since I myself heard Austen Chamberlain declare that the letter did more than any one thing to win the Election last year, I think it only right that the full details should be published. Ramsay MacDonald won't pursue the subject. For reasons, best known to himself, he's afraid the facts will make him look silly.

While on the subject of Russia, a very intensive propaganda by the Soviet is being conducted throughout Northern India. One of the causes of Das' present unpopularity is due to the fact that he refused to receive an envoy from Moscow. Correspondence between some of the Indian agitators and Zinovieff has been intercepted, in which the latter refers to the "Indian Republic," and prophesies that 1927 will see the end of British dominion!

* * *

BEFORE leaving the Indian question I would like to correct a recent misstatement in the House. Earl Winterton was asked whether flogging as a punishment persists in the Indian Army. He replied that it doesn't. But he is wrong. It does. A recent case occurred at a frontier station. The matter will be mentioned again.

The chief topic of discussion in diplomatic circles at the moment is the Riff trouble. I will tell you exactly what is going to happen. The French Government has decided upon a spectacular offensive. French agents will busily arrange matters on a sound commercial basis with the Riff leader.

French troops will then gain an "official" victory, and everyone will live happily ever afterwards. Of course the business transaction with Abdel Krim *may* break down. I am content to take you behind the scenes and show you how the situation is actually being handled.

Paris, I might mention, has been roaring with laughter over the way in which we allow ourselves to be lectured by the United States. M. Caillaux went so far as to say, "After being whipped into obedience by their American masters" (the reference being to our acknowledgment of the gold standard) "they are now told to stand in the corner with their hands behind their backs. Naughty boys!"

* * *

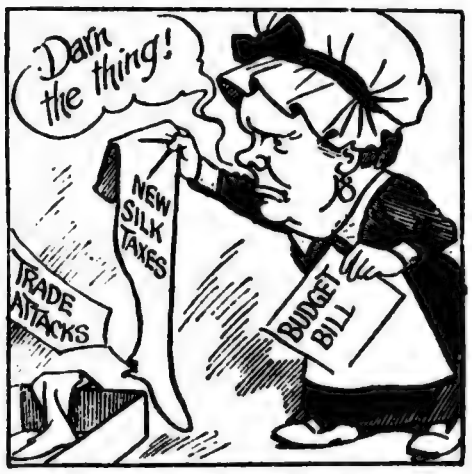
BY the way, Caillaux is behaving in a curious way to the friends of his exile. A number of them dashed to Paris the moment they heard of his return to power. Among others the English writer, Frank Harris, whose friendship with Caillaux got him a speedy banishment to America in 1914, came along in the expectation of some fitting reward.

M. Caillaux.

Alack! they discovered that Caillaux the Finance Minister is quite a different person from Caillaux the Fallen Minister. They have heard the dread words, "Busily engaged" and "Not at home." They have decided, for the future, not to put their trust in politicians.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND



To find things torn before they're worn
Is just a trifle shocking;
Hence Winnie's wild (to put it mild)
To have to "darn" her stocking.

All thro' the day we peg away,
And thro' our hours of leisure
Our brains we rack but cannot track
To earth the "hidden treasure."

For this Report men of this sort
Don't care a single straw!
To come to heel they've got to feel
The Strong Arm of the Law

The way these boys construct their toys
Displays a lot of cunning;
That windmill there they drive with air
And keep it always running.

My Cure for Unemployment

EVERY year we are paying millions of pounds to men and women for doing nothing. Why not use that money to provide them with work? That is the basic principle in the scheme which Sir Alfred Mond laid before a private meeting of the Cabinet last week and which he here discloses in full to the British public

by **The Rt. Hon. SIR ALFRED MOND, Bt., M.P.**

WHY subsidise idleness instead of work? This is the question which all reasonable people are asking to-day. Since the war, owing largely to conditions over which Britain had no direct control, a large proportion of our workers has been denied the opportunity of work. The country was optimistic enough to think that the heavy toll which unemployment took of industry after the war, was a temporary phase of our national life which would soon pass away.

The optimism of the early view has now given way to a permanent pessimism. Yet the country has become so accustomed to seeing its weekly unemployment roll of 1,250,000 that it has ceased to give serious thought to the great underlying problem. Unless something drastic is done there will be the same number unemployed a year hence.

More deplorable still are the consequences of a long period of enforced idleness upon those who walk aimlessly about the streets, having no work to go to, and nothing but despair and despondency to occupy their minds. The industrial efficiency of the country is being undermined in a manner unprecedented in British industrial history.

Whole generations of young men and young women are being cast upon the streets as their only workshop and pleasure-ground. Unemployment is costing the country in one way and another £100,000,000 a year. For this terrific expenditure the country derives no benefit.

Burdens that break backs

Can any country afford to allow the present state of affairs to continue? Industry is struggling against almost unbearable burdens. Anything which could be devised to mitigate the results would be of inestimable advantage to the country as a whole, no less than to the individual worker who is unemployed.

My proposition, therefore, is that the money now spent in maintaining the worker in enforced idleness should be diverted, as far as possible, to put him into employment. This is the basic idea underlying my proposals.

In the present desperate industrial crisis what has to be considered first, last, and all the time, is the best interests of the country. I maintain that the best interests of the country demand that the workless shall be put to work, and that no prejudiced consideration shall prevent this most essential purpose.

What are the advantages underlying my unemployment scheme of securing work for the workless? In the first place, the country obtains some return for its huge expenditure. The worker, instead of drawing 23s. a week, would obtain his full trade union rate of wages. His purchasing power would be increased threefold. His wages would be spent in this country, and would stimulate industry and production.

How to save £4,000,000

Moreover, for every four workers for whom work were found, the unemployment fund would save 23s. per week. Think what this means! If 10 per cent. of those who are unemployed to-day were provided with work, the unemployment fund would save directly and from one source alone nearly £2,000,000 a year.

There is no reason why 20 per cent. at least of those who are unemployed should not be provided with work. If 20 per cent. were provided with work, the sum of nearly £4,000,000 a year would be saved from this source alone.

But this is only a minor, if direct, point in the final result. Increase employment in any industry, say, for instance, in the shipbuilding industry, or in the steel industry, or in engineering, and the riveter, the steel worker and the engineer, will immediately provide work for workers in a great many other industries.

Take, first, the steel industry. There are 50,000 unemployed in this branch of industry, 24 per cent. of the total number of those registered in the industry. It consumes huge quantities of coal. Put a single additional steel furnace into operation, and about 100,000 tons of coal would be required during the course of a year.

Small match: big fire

It would take 300 colliers working at the face of the coal to produce this quantity of coal in a year. This coal would have to be handled at the surface, loaded, transported from the colliery to the steel works. These operations would give employment to some scores of surface workers at the colliery, and some dozens of transport workers. Their wives and families require food and clothing. The food and clothing would have to be transported.

Sir Alfred Mond

This all means that, by providing work for one steel furnace by assistance, hundreds of workers in other industries would find employment in subsidiary industries and in the textile, clothing, food, distributive and transport industries. The same thing is equally true of any industrial unit in the engineering or any other trade.

Employment is a snowball which, as it rolls down the hill of progress to the pleasant valleys below, increases in size and speed the whole time. Unemployment is the unhealthy heat which melts and dissipates.

Industrial paradise

Why is Britain unable to obtain orders to-day? Our foreign competitors are underselling us. Other countries are too poor to buy at the prices at which Britain can afford to sell. Aid industry to produce more cheaply, not by a lowering of the wages of those already employed, but by giving employment at full wages to the unemployed.

The cost of production is diminished. The diminished cost of production means increased consumption. Increased consumption means greater volume of trade, and therefore more employment.

My proposals cost the country nothing. On the contrary, they mean a distinct saving to the unemployment fund, to the taxpayer and to the ratepayer. In many cases, the unemployed worker receives, in addition to his unemployment benefit, assistance from the poor-rate. In some cases the combined benefit and assistance from the poor-rate amounts to as much as 65s. per week. Who provides this balance? The ratepayer.

Other schemes for the relief of unemployment are being financed by the State. The adoption of my scheme would relieve the burden on the taxpayer. As the burdens of rates and taxes are diminished, so would industry progress, because the heavy burden of rates and taxes increases the cost of everything manufactured in this country.

I appeal, therefore, to the man in the street. Is he prepared to see Britain lose still more of her industry? Is he prepared to let a million and a quarter workers remain idle? Is he prepared to do nothing to secure relief from the crushing burden of rates and taxes? I know my countrymen well enough to say that they will adopt any practical course to restore Britain to prosperity.

War-winning ways wanted

It may be all very well for Mr. MacDonald and his satellites of the Labour Party to say that nothing shall be done. In office they were inefficient and ineffectual in dealing with the unemployment evil. Now they will do nothing to lend a helping hand. They are not endeavouring to produce any practical or constructive proposal which will put a single additional man to work; yet they endeavour to sandbag every constructive idea put forward by anybody else.

The problem which confronts the country is serious. The remedy must be heroic. The sluggard and obstructive tactics of the Socialists have proved them and their policy barren and sterile.

On the other hand, I hope that the sympathetic benevolence with which Mr. Baldwin is approaching the industrial problems of to-day will be translated into action. It was resolute action that won the war. It is resolute action alone that can defeat the insidious foe of unemployment, which is sapping the moral fibre and the industrial efficiency of the nation. If this spirit is applied to the problem of unemployment, which is to-day the greatest of our industrial questions, the workers can be got back to work.

It has been urged against my scheme that it would lead to inequality between firm and firm, and would benefit the inefficient at the expense of the efficient. But the proposals could be applied without question or risk of inequality, and immediately, to work undertaken by local authorities and public utility companies.

I have outlined my scheme and created trade committees whose duty it would be to see that such inequalities did not arise. When worked out in practice, many of the objections which have been urged would vanish.

Pointed hint to Mr. Baldwin

In conclusion, may I say a personal word? I cannot be asked to work out all details. The Government with their staff of experts at command are in a much better position to do so. I could do so myself if still a member of the Government. My duty is to indicate a line of action and suggest a course to be pursued.

It is not a party or a personal question. It is for the Government of the country to take responsibility for their conduct. Any help I can give, any ideas I can contribute, will most gladly be at the disposal of any one who is prepared to tackle the problem courageously.

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. Sir AUCKLAND GEDDES, Chairman, Food Prices Commission.

SIR,—Let me remind you of a salient passage in your recent Majority Report. "It seems to us," you say, "that the time has come to equip some body with power to deal with monopolies, trusts and combines which charge unduly high prices." This frank recognition of a flagrant, social abuse must be allowed to count to you for righteousness. I trust you will take steps to impress your views upon His Majesty's Government, whose zeal for private enterprise is apt to blind them to its admitted evils. But if these evils are to be countered bold action must implement brave words. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. Bishop WELLDON, D.D., Dean of Durham.

DEAR DEAN,—Your attack on the unhealthy moral condition of Society was thoroughly justified. Moreover, you avoided the error of assuming that because there have been a few unpleasant cases in the Divorce Courts, therefore the entire nation is to blame. The truth is that in all classes of society there is a sound majority of decent, law-abiding people, faithful to their wives and devoted to their children. The fact that no song is ever made about them deceives nobody but the shallowest of thinkers. It is time indeed that someone had the courage to point out how sound the nation is at heart. JOHN BULL.

To General Sir IAN HAMILTON, K.C.B., Hyde Park Gardens, W.

DEAR SIR IAN,—I am glad to note that you agree with my contention that if only ex-Service men will stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of peace and justice there need be no more wars. It is mainly owing to your efforts that to-day thousands of ex-Service men are prepared to enrol themselves in the campaign for disarmament and a new international order based on human brotherhood. I shall hope soon to enlist your aid in a great forward movement for peace and comradeship. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—Speaking to the National Alliance of Employers and Employed, you emphasised the necessity, if peace in industry is to be obtained, of Labour having a first measure of any prosperity that may accrue. I cordially agree. Moreover, if Labour must have a fair deal, it is equally important it should give one. Unless this is pointed out there is danger that a one-sided view may be taken. Coming from a worker to a worker, you will appreciate my point. JOHN BULL.

To Dr. NANKIVELL, Plymouth.

DEAR SIR,—You regard the "dole" as "one of the contributory factors of the present improvement in public health," and find it "not as injurious as it is represented to be." You would, of course, prefer a man to be in full work, but, after all, as medical officer in your town, it is of physical health you speak. When a wealthy nation fails to provide its adult population with work, it is only decent to provide a minimum of food. The real curse of the "dole" system is its injury to moral fibre. When the "dole" acts as "dope" it injures us all. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice FINLAY, Royal Courts of Justice.

MY LORD,—Surely every excuse was present in the case of Annie Dean, charged before you at the Manchester Assizes with bigamy. Deserted by her husband, this unhappy woman went through the form of marriage with a man who loved and protected her. She had two little children depending on her, and when she stood in the dock was again expecting to become a mother. In these circumstances justice would have been met if you had bound the woman over, but you sent her to jail for a month to herd with criminals, and perhaps give birth to her child in a felon cell. This was not justice, but cruelty. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. A. CUMMING, Addlestone, Surrey.

DEAR SIR,—You give notice that there'll be no banns bell rung from Addlestone Church tower during your incumbency. "Fancy," you add, "ringing a peal from the belfry after the announcement of an impending life sentence. I would not authorise even a muffled peal." Is it any wonder, when this sort of language comes from the representatives of the Church, that young people of to-day take new views of marriage?

JOHN BULL.

To Councillor G. W. ILSLEY, Lewisham.

DEAR SIR,—All honour to you, and those of your fellow councillors, who tried to save three old horses, one of whom has been in your council's service for nineteen years, from sale for further work—or worse. You suggested that these veterans be sent to end peaceful days in the Forster Memorial Park, and that a badge be hung round their necks informing the public what "good old servants" they had been. Such a suggestion, if carried out, would do more to teach humanity to the rising generation than any amount of prosy talk. JOHN BULL.

To Professor J. G. ADAMI, Liverpool University.

DEAR SIR,—Opening a discussion on physical training, you remarked that as a people we are "bitten with sport," if we are not "sport mad," and further made reference to the tens of thousands who, while not themselves taking part in the sport, are content to look on. The Universities have always put organised sports in the forefront of their activities—they are proud of the saying that the "battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton." Do not deny the common people the only opportunity that they have of sharing, even "vicariously," in the true British love of sport. JOHN BULL.

To Rev. Father DEGEN, Coalville.

DEAR SIR,—It is said that outsiders see most of the game. Thus I find your view on modern life and matrimony both illuminating and amusing. You warn lads who marry an A1 champion lady dancer not to feel surprise if she serves up a C3 pudding, and you declare we are a nation of stamp-lickers and mendicants. The fact that you are large-hearted enough to appreciate the fact that where healthy amusement abounds immorality declines makes me believe that you will help to remove the evil. JOHN BULL.

THE LONG, LONG WAIT.

Straight from the Shoulder

LORD EUSTACE PERCY:—We never had any conception in this country of spreading our culture abroad.

Then isn't it time someone, say a Minister of Education, began?

SIR ERNEST WILD:—People are getting better educated but not always more honest.

A sure proof that the education received has been faulty.

MR. P. D. LEAKE: There is no dole available for unemployed capital.

In face of the need nothing but stupidity would keep capital unemployed.

SIR SYDNEY SKINNER:—The Geddes axe is not functioning.

Because we're tired of the chopping policy. What's needed is construction.

MR. J. C. WATSON:—There is nothing so hard to live down as ridicule.

Great men care neither for blame nor ridicule, but go straight on.

Without Fear or Favour

THE PLOT SINISTER!

Redress!

OUR determination to secure redress for the ex-soldier has met with an instant and overwhelming response.

The thousands of letters that are pouring in from all over the country would very effectually awaken politicians from their apathy could they but see them. They tell a tale of bitter resentment and determination.

Week by week our Pensions Editor reports cases in which red tape and glaring inequity have been replaced by justice through our efforts.

We are proud to be in a position to secure redress for some, but it is not enough.

It is a national scandal that the returned soldier should be flung contemptuously on the industrial scrap-heap, and to secure redress—full and unquestioned—should, and must, be a national duty.

General Crozier and several other officers are prepared to move strongly in the matter as soon as they know what backing they may expect from ex-soldiers.

Redress, work, and security for the future can be obtained just as soon as the people of this country order their Government to act.

To the statement that there is no money for adequate pensions we reply that it can be obtained the moment it ceases to be wasted on increased armaments.

Work can be provided the moment we use the national credit for constructive peace as wholeheartedly as we used it for destructive war.

Meanwhile, all who have written to us have received replies stating how they can help us to secure their just rights. If you have not already written, do so now.

Baldwin's Bun-fights

ON the assumption, no doubt, that it is good tactics to feed the beast, Mr. Baldwin has taken to the Lloyd Georgian method of placating potential enemies by giving them a square meal. Hence the Downing Street dinners to trade union leaders.

While Lloyd George is as wise as a serpent, Mr. Baldwin is merely as harmless as a dove, and so the net result of the present Ministerial meals will be a cheap dinner for the trade union officials, but an increase of suspicion, discontent and trouble among the rank and file.

These table-talks may be a very pleasant way of spending an hour, but they do nothing to stop the rot in industry.

Mr. Baldwin has been in power now for five months—as long as the Labour Government was in office—and so far as we can see there is no more to the credit of the one than the other, with the exception of the Baldwin bun-fights. The Prime Minister must understand that what the country needs to-day is not diplomatic dinners in Downing Street, but legislative action for the solution of the national problems that are crushing the entire nation.

Communists' Secret Plans

THE Labour Party is being handed over to Moscow by the crafty scheming of the Communists it dare not expel from its ranks. If it ever again hopes to rule the country it must act with promptitude

SUPERFICIAL observers of contemporary political life are apt to imagine that, under the leadership of such moderates as MacDonald, Thomas, Snowden, and Clynes, the Labour Party is moving steadily to the Right.

Nothing could be further from the truth. It is moving steadily and with considerable rapidity to the Left.

This movement is not very apparent on the surface, but it is very real. It is being urged on by two elements, the honest Socialists of the Clyde type—burning with a bitter sense of injustice, almost fanatical in their desire to see the social order changed—and the crafty Communists of the Cook type.

It is these latter who constitute a very real and pressing danger.

A. J. Cook, whose real aims we now expose.

The Cook plan is all the more sinister because it is secret. Based on the slogan of "Unity" it is far more than a mere catch-word. It is a carefully planned and well-schemed organisation.

The Communists are working from three angles—the unified organisation of the "key" union in this country; the unified organisation of the coal-miners of all countries; and the unified organisation of the entire trade union movement of this country and Soviet Russia.

The first plan is now all but complete. Cook has held secret meetings with the leaders of the railwaymen, transport workers, and engineers. He makes no attempt to disguise his plan for a new Triple Alliance, and it is because of the opposition of J. H. Thomas that Cook has launched out into a campaign of personal abuse.

WE have every reason for predicting that, within the next few weeks, there will be a powerful alliance formed whose sole aim will be united strike action whenever any individual union is engaged in a dispute.

The second plan has made a big step forward by the establishment of the International Miners' Federation. Again we predict that before many weeks are past there will be a united attack on the Dawes Report, in which industrial action will be used to back up political efforts.

But the pivot of the Cook plan is Russia. The Trade Union Congress, dominated by Bramley, Purcell, and Bromley, has agreed to amalgamate with the trade union movement of Russia.

By doing this the Trade Union Congress has completely cut the ground from under the feet of Ramsay MacDonald, who has been a prime mover in the anti-Communist attitude of the political Labour Party.

IF the Labour Party hopes ever again to be His Majesty's Government, it must stamp out this Red menace while there is yet time.

It must enforce its excommunication decree on its Communist "members." Otherwise it will forfeit for ever the confidence of the electorate.

Disavow it how it may, the political Labour Party is being bound to the wheels of the Soviet chariot through the kind offices of Cook and his friends of the Trade Union Congress.

Except the Labour Party there is no effective substitute for the present Government. Four years—or less—from now, and Labour leaders will once more be sitting on the Treasury Bench.

When the time comes there must be no question of Communism.

For its own sake and for the sake of the country the Labour Party must put its own house in order without delay.

The Business Boomer

SINCE we first advocated the establishment of the "Cash on Delivery" system in this country there has been a steadily increasing interest shown in the matter.

In a recent issue our advocacy received the powerful support of the Earl of Denbigh, who set out at some length the national advantages of the system.

Since then much progress has been made, and we are able to announce that our efforts have resulted in the formation of a "National C.O.D. and Housewives' Protection Association," under the presidency of General Sir Alfred Knox, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.P.

The association will have for its aims the protection of all classes of the public in the matter of food purity and the elimination of the profiteer; the securing of legislative action to establish a "Cash on Delivery" system as part of the normal working of the Post Office; and the promotion and development of home colonisation viâ small holdings and the cultivation of unused soil.

We can say with confidence that neither the Post Office nor the Government is anxious to put any obstacles in the way of the establishment of C.O.D. in this country, provided they are assured of the support of the people.

We believe the country will welcome anything that offers an avenue of escape from the profiteer and the food poisoner, and we believe the National C.O.D. and Housewives' Protection Association will do a great deal towards the elimination of these evils.

We should like to know what our readers think. Write to JOHN BULL and help us to stir the Government to action.

Death in the Brush

A SERIOUS danger to the public health can only be averted, in our view, by a little wholesome publicity, and we desire to draw attention to an inquest held in Bolton on a young man who had contracted anthrax from a new shaving-brush.

It was elicited that the brush was bought from a Manchester dealer who had imported two hundred dozen from Nuremberg and, to the shame of the health authorities, the evidence was clearly given that the brush which caused the death was undoubtedly one of this batch.

The name of the German manufacturer has not been published. Consequently, his dangerous wares can still be sold elsewhere with impunity.

In many of the cheap stores some brushes are displayed marked "British made," but others are stocked cheek by jowl with them and no indication is given of their origin. They are usually cheaper, which is a further temptation to the ignorant and unsuspecting buyer. At present there is a great trade done in this country with imported German brushes, and the danger is not fully realised.

Clearly it is the duty of the public health authorities to see that foreign goods that are dangerous to the public health are not allowed to be imported.

The Earl of Balfour, K.G., O.M., F.R.S., Chairman of the Medical Research Council.

Your Deadly Dinner

TO prevent risk of poisoning by tinned and preserved foods, duties devolve not only on medical officers, but on the general public also. While there is no need for alarm, a certain amount of vigilance must be exercised

by
A. G. GARDINER

I HAVE been reading a report on Food Poisoning that deserves wider attention among the general public than the Medical Research Council which issues it is likely to give it. The disclosures are particularly important to those of us who live in towns. When we were a rural people, living on the land and growing our own supplies, there was little danger of poison. We might be starved for want of food, but we ran small risk of being poisoned by the food we got.

But the industrialism of modern times which has sucked us from the land and herded us in towns has changed all this. Few of us any longer grow our own bacon and eggs or are in a position to go out into our garden and cut our own cabbage.

We seven million Londoners, for example, are fed from the ends of the earth. The bacon we had for breakfast this morning may have come from Holland, the butter from Denmark, the eggs from Siberia, the bread from corn grown in the Argentine, the tinned salmon from Vancouver, the milk from Gloucestershire, and so on.

Sitting at a world-wide table

Modern civilisation is primarily a question of organising the food-supply of multitudes of people who cannot supply themselves. Generally speaking, the work is done surprisingly well. The more populous and crowded we are the better fed we are.

We are no longer the victims of local famine, for we draw on the whole globe for our table, and if there is a shortage in Canada we can make up out of the bumper harvest in India or (as used to be the case and will be again) in Russia. There are, relatively, fewer people who go to bed hungry in this country to-day than there ever have been in history.

But while this miracle of feeding the town millions is a matter for wonder and satisfaction, it is not without its perils. It makes us entirely dependent on conditions we cannot control. We have to accept the tinned beef from Chicago and the tinned salmon from British Columbia and the milk from the Cotswolds and the cheese from goodness knows where on faith.

The shopman from whom we buy the things knows no more about them than we do. He believes they are all right, and we believe they are all right, and in general they *are* all right. But we do not know, and occasionally we get reminders, like that terrible tragedy at Loch Maree, that sometimes they are not all right.

Dangers of summer time

It is to help to deal with this danger that besets all of us that the Medical Research Council have carried out the investigation which is the subject of the Report. They have taken 100 recent outbreaks of food poisoning and have submitted them to the most searching analysis.

To begin with, they find that summer time is the chief danger zone. Of the 100 outbreaks, seventy-two occurred between May and October.

As to the medium, by far the most common source of poisoning was tinned foods, which accounted for forty-two of the outbreaks. Tinned beef and tinned salmon each caused fifteen of the cases. Sardines come out well with only two cases, crabs and lobsters with three, tongue with three, and fruit with three. Cheese has a high record with eight cases, and potted meat with six, but sausages accounted for only two and brawn for two.

The rest of the cases were distributed over a wide field. Only one true case of the deadly botulism was traced, that at Loch Maree, and in that instance everybody poisoned died, but the general experience in the 100 cases was that the mortality was low.

Murderers on wings

As to the nature of the poison, it is traced in sixty-six cases to the Salmonella group of bacteria. How the food becomes poisoned can only be guessed, but it seems certain that the infection comes from without. The evidence does not seem to support the idea that the fly is the carrier, though the rat and the mouse are suspect.

In the case of brawn it was proved that the infection was communicated by the mould in which it was made, and meat pies were found to have been poisoned by tank water. In every case the outbreaks due to canned meat were traceable to meat packed in South America.

I have read with deep interest the full details given of these 100 cases. They are only types of what is very widespread, for, as the Report shows, the work of tracing the outbreaks is done unsatisfactorily. I am bound to say that the general impression left on my mind is the extreme difficulty of combating this obscure danger.

In these days we have to live largely on canned, preserved, and prepared foods. We cannot help ourselves. It is impossible for us, even if we had the knowledge and the equipment, to subject these things to bacteriological examination before we eat them, and in most cases there seems to be no rough-and-ready test that we can apply.

The poison may lurk in only one portion of the same food. In one case a whole family served with corned beef was struck down, but another family served from the same tin just before escaped. It seems impossible generally to explain the presence of the poison.

The Loch Maree tragedy was due to one glass jar of wild duck paste from a London factory which had made thousands in which the deadly bacillus was not present. In some cases the infection appears to come after the tin is opened, and that cleanliness and care are of the utmost importance.

It is clear, as the Report insists, that business in made-up meat foods, such as brawn, potted meat, meat pies and sausages, should be carried on under licence in premises where bacterial contamination is most effectively provided against.

Where, as in the cases traceable to South American packers, it is evident that something is wrong, the trade should be warned and the firms black-listed. It may be hard in some instances, but the public health stands above all other considerations.

Then the medical officers must follow these outbreaks far more seriously. It is only by knowing the facts that we can apply the remedies.

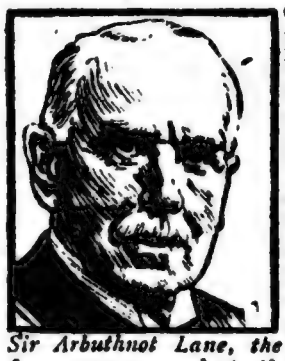
Housewives at school

Finally, the consumer must exercise the utmost vigilance for his own protection. The authorities should devise some means of reaching the housewife and giving her hints as to the precautions to take, the tests to make, and in the case of suspicion the immediate remedies to apply. It is not a case for panic; but it is a case for constant vigilance.

Death in small doses is the risk that is contained in many of the "harmless" drugs

A DIABOL

IT appears from the statistics of drunkenness that the alcoholic habit amongst our people is happily diminishing. But it is unhappily evident from a large batch of newspaper reports on my desk that a still more dangerous vice, the taking of chemical stimulants, is very largely on the increase. The practice usually begins with the taking of some "harmless" drug, like antipyrin or aspirin, for headache, indigestion, or sleeplessness. There are people who suck at a soda mint or swallow bicarbonate of soda after every meal, not as a remedy for any actual pain or trouble, but just as carelessly as they take salt or mustard with their beef. Yet every one of these drugs is a poison which, if it is not employed medicinally as an antidote to some specific poison or disease in the body, must be causing disturbance and mischief to the natural functions. Instead of curing disease, it is creating it. Then follows bodily discomfort, for which more drugs are taken, and so the practice grows into a habit as tenacious as that of cigarette-smoking.



Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, who testifies to the danger of this evil

There are other cases, even more deplorable and perilous, where the drug habit is contracted as a form of dissipation, a vicious indulgence necessitated by the chronic fever of a hectic life.

SINCE the tragedies of Billie Carleton and Freda Kempton, the police have pursued a searching and strenuous campaign against the traffic in cocaine, but I am assured by theatrical friends that the noxious dope, or some equally deleterious substitute, is still obtainable, and that amongst young girls of the profession the drug habit remains devilishly devastating.

Once started, it is almost impossible to stop it. The victim is as helpless as the driver of a motor-car without brakes on a steep and slippery slope.

I have heard of girls who have made desperate efforts to break off the practice; but not many have the will-power of De Quincey, and even he, though he succeeded in controlling himself when love impelled him, relapsed within a year or two of his marriage.

He has told in vivid language what effort it cost him even to reduce his daily allowance, and how, after four months of gradually diminishing doses, he was "still agitated, writhing, throb-

Britain's Slate Club

CORDIAL relationship between employers and employed is fostered and maintained by the adoption of humane principles. Only so can that willing co-operation that serves for the benefit of the whole community be secured

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

The late Lord Leverhulme, the pioneer of industrial co-partnership.

LORD LEVERHULME'S death and burial—for the burial, with its seven-mile tribute of working-people, was a democratic function of no small significance—may do something as useful for this country as his strenuous life if they set us thinking, with seriousness and good will, about his method of securing industrial peace.

He never professed in my hearing the creed of sentimental humanitarianism. Indeed, it would be a preposterous exaggeration to say that he loved his fellow-men.

He was interested in his fellow-man; he took pains to discover the point of view of his fellow-man; and when that fellow-man was one of his employees, he earnestly considered how he might make him as comfortable and contented as was economically possible; but he did not, I feel sure, ever rise to the height or descend to the depth of loving his fellow-men.

The saint loves his fellow-man from a great height of spiritual aloofness, which places the object of his love at an effectual distance. The humbug loves him from the slimy depths of cant and hypocrisy to which he craftily descends in order to get something out of him—either his vote or his money.

Capitalism's good will

Leverhulme was no saint and no humbug. He was an extremely honest man and an extremely able man, determined to get on in the world, but by decent methods. When he was making an income of £50,000 a year he and his wife still lived in a humble villa, the rent of which was £35.

All the money he then amassed by his tremendous energy and his incomparable prowess in organisation went back into his business, not only to improve its plant, but to better the circumstances of his workpeople.

From the very first step he took on the road of individual enterprise, he had the sound sense to see that a manufacturer can have no better backing for all his endeavours to capture foreign markets, and for all the risks he must necessarily take with his precious capital, than the trust and good will—he never asked for the affection—of his workpeople.

Invitations to suicide

To this end he provided them with factories unequalled in the whole world for sanitary perfection, large and beautiful dining-rooms hung with splendid pictures, recreation grounds, museums, art galleries, and gardens, with delightful houses for as many as could be accommodated in the vicinity of his works.

But he did something more. He wanted his workers to feel that they had a direct personal interest in the fortunes of Lever Brothers, and so he devised, in order to secure this purpose, a system of co-partnership which has broadened and improved with the gigantic success of his undertaking.

Now I do not profess to know whether that particular system is a good one or a bad one: but since it has been accepted by thousands of intelligent workers and is in operation to this day, and since there has been no strike of the employees at Port Sunlight, except a brief and trivial strike of silly clerks who were soon brought to their senses, I am surely entitled to believe that it is a system which could, with great advantage to the whole nation, be applied in other directions.

I should like my readers, before I go further, to put on their thinking caps and consider the quite simple facts revealed by the following very terrible figures:

In the year which has now gone we imported from abroad goods to the tune of £1,279,844,597. We exported goods of our own manufacture, *in order to pay for these staggering purchases from abroad*, to the amount of £795,361,581. There were other ways in which we paid for our imports: but our own British exports were less than £800,000,000, and they are falling every day.

With this serious knowledge in our heads, cannot we see that catastrophe is bound to befall us unless there is a vastly different spirit in British industry from that which is now visibly disrupting our economic existence?

We cannot afford rows between employers and employed. We cannot afford strikes. We cannot afford a "bloody revolution." Every interruption of trade deals a heavy blow at the exports which pay for our food. Every agitator who incites workpeople to strike is asking them to cut their own throats.

Cooked tongue

If we are to have cheap and plentiful food in British shops, Britain's ships must be loading every day with British manufactures, and with British manufactures which are as good and as cheap as the manufactures of Germany, America and Japan.

Mr. A. J. Cook may talk till his tongue is as muscular as Steve Donoghue's thigh, but unless British coal is cheaper than the coal of Germany our foreign customers are not going to buy it, however anxious we may be to send it to them for their furnaces in exchange for their food for our stomachs. So with all our other exports, every one of them.

I suggest to the sensible and responsible leaders of Labour, if they are not too fatally committed to the conspirators of Socialism, and therefore not permitted to work for the triumph of the present system, that they call a conference to consider a scheme for co-partnership which shall be applicable to all the great industries of the country, and that they devote the whole of their political energies to forcing this scheme upon the Government.

Other men besides Lord Leverhulme have hammered out systems of profit-sharing, and in no case where those systems have been worked with good will has there been a direct conflict between employers and employed.

Is it not extremely stupid of us, then, in our present dangerous economic condition, to go blundering on with local strikes and sporadic turbulence, which must mean our economic extinction, when the remedy is already in operation?

Going the extra mile

Anyone who can use the brain given to him by God for other purposes than backing horses and gaping at American films, or stirring up bad feeling and conspiring to wreck his country for the satisfaction of Russian lunatics, must know that a man who has an extra interest in the work which provides him with home and food will find a greater pleasure in that work than one who has only his weekly wage to look forward to.

That extra interest is what I am advocating. It is hated and derided, I very well know, by professional agitators and dreamy Socialists; but it is Britain's best way to that consummation which the agitator most fears—the prosperity and contentment of the common people.

...CAL HABIT

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

bing, palpitating, shattered, and much perhaps in the situation of him who has been racked."

If such is the torment and agony of a strong man in the grip of this terrible slavery, what chance of saving herself can remain to a frail and nerve-racked young girl living in the feverish atmosphere of the theatre and the night club?

Once in the toils the sufferer is almost hopelessly lost. I have reports before me of girls charged with purposeless petty thefts—the sort of robbery commonly attributed to kleptomania, but ascribed by medical evidence in these cases to paralysis of the moral sense through habitually taking large doses of aspirin or chlorodyne.

THE habit is steadily spreading. Sir Arbuthnot Lane, the famous surgeon, tells of a "cure-all" containing two dangerous drugs, which has lately been placed on the market and which is becoming enormously popular. There are probably thousands of people, says Sir Arbuthnot, taking this stuff every day; and one of those people who believed in its virtues is now, as a result of taking it, "a fatal wreck."

In many cases the habit of taking powders and tablets without knowledge of their composition, or of their probable effect on the patient's constitution, results in death. Such was the result in the case which provoked Sir Arbuthnot Lane's censure. The poor lady had suffered from headache, and had a certain "powder" recommended to her by a chemist.

A TERRIBLE tragedy lately occurred at New Tredegar through the drug habit. A local doctor and his wife had both contracted it. One day he found that she had accidentally taken an overdose of hyoscine tabloids, which had killed her. Stricken with grief, he scribbled a pathetic little note to his chief, the local medical officer. Then he took a large dose of prussic acid, lay down on the bed by his wife's side, and died.

She was "a very handsome woman, well liked by the neighbours." He "had gained a great reputation for painstaking work." Two promising young lives, with unlimited potentiality of useful social service and mutual happiness, were thrown away, wantonly sacrificed to the pernicious, senseless, insidious, and suicidal modern mania for flying to drugs for relief from every transient little pain or ailment.

The craze, we are told, is growing. We are reducing the drink habit, but we are increasing the drug habit. The profit in that exchange is surely more than questionable.

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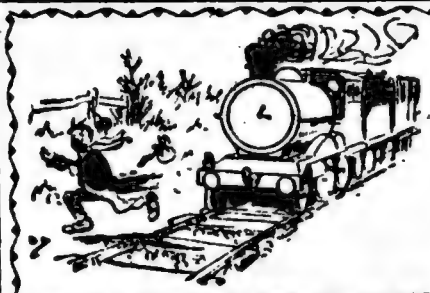

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THE GREAT GAS OGRE!

UNLESS steps are taken to exorcise the war-spirit from the minds of our leaders, the next "war to end war" will be a long nightmare of ghastly tragedy

by The Rt. Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON
(formerly Minister of Munitions)

IF the aeroplane were only to be used for the purposes of peace how splendid it might be; but it is no secret that in many lands the chemists are kept at work devising, testing and developing poison gases—making them more deadly and more torturing, ascertaining the best methods of concentration, how best they can be spread along the ground and made to penetrate the habitations of men, and how to retain their horrible influence in the places where they are scattered—not for hours only, but for days.

The bombing aeroplane nowadays is a far more efficient thing than it was at the end of the war period. Another war between "civilised" countries will mean fleets of these things over our towns and cities.

The plain fact is that there is no effective defence against a well-organised air attack pushed home by determined raiders.

WHAT sort of thing, then, may peaceable civilians expect in the next "glorious war" that some maniacs seem intent upon?

We may be sure that the gases used will be much more potent and reliable in their deadliness than those used during the last war, although a few gleanings from my war-time notes will suffice to show what these "less efficient" forms of gas were coming to be.

As far back as December, 1915, we had detailed information as to what was going on in the great Bayer factory at Lenerkusen, and I can still recall the chill feeling with which I read accounts that subsequently proved to be true. In those days the Germans expected much from their mixture of chlorine and phosgene, capable of being "effective for four kilometres," but the descent to the more horrible was rapid after that.

IN April, 1916, the Kaiser sanctioned the use of prussic acid compounds, and it was not long before arsenic salts were wanted by the ton. The Germans had a "B. stuff" of which they seemed to be proud, and we came to have our supplies of divers kinds cloaked under innocent titles such as "Red Star," "Yellow Star," "S.K.," "Tellite," and many more.

Dr. Addison

One compound was notorious from the fact that it disabled by inflicting horrible burns; another scattered material that "clings to the skin, causing very painful wounds which are extremely difficult to heal; others caused violent and painful running at the eyes, sneezing and coughing; others, in penetrating the lungs, caused sores in the throat and chest with the resulting agonising inflammation.

Another production of civilised man was thus described in a report: "This gas is 3·3 times heavier than the air and will flow into recesses in the ground. It is more poisonous then —— and in its concentrations of 1 in 2,000 of air produces death in a short time. In concentrations of 1 in 20,000 of air it has a delayed action, and men subjected to it are liable to die at any time within forty-eight hours after inhalation if, during that period, they undertake any heavy work."

Our men in the trenches were equipped with various gas masks; but you could not cloak a whole population—men, women and children—in gas masks.

By day or night a rain of bombs might descend upon them and liberate the low-lying, penetrating gases that suffocate or burn, that kill outright, or, maybe, unconsciously inhaled, produce their fatal effect when people go to work the next day.

• • •

THIS is no fancy picture. It is pretty certainly a practical possibility to-day. If not to-day it soon will be, and when it is—and should the negligence of statesmen foster its occurrence—it will then be futile and too late for people, with streaming eyes and suffocating breath, to call down curses upon those so-called leaders who went blandly on and failed to put in the forefront of their efforts an unyielding determination to mobilise the opinion of the world against this desolation.

Drug Victim's Astounding Story

Lonely Fight Against Terrible Craving

by H. ASHTON WOLFE *(Interpreter in the Princess Fahmy and Vaquier cases)*

H. Ashton Wolfe

WITH a wish to find out how and why people become drug-takers, I called on a young ex-naval officer who had lately been released from a prison hospital. I will give his story in his own words.

"For years I was a slave to morphia," he told me. "I had been badly wounded at the beginning of the war, and for the first time I had morphia injections given to me because of the pain, while in hospital. I obtained some morphia from a chemist who knew me. In hospital the quantity given me had been very small. This time I injected a larger dose.

"The effect was extraordinary. I soon felt intensely happy. Shimmering rainbow colours flashed before my eyes and soft music seemed to throb in the air. Never had I felt anything like it. The night was a long series of strange, wonderful, vivid dreams.

"I AWOKE the next morning feeling a wreck. The day seemed endless. I felt utterly wretched. More and more the desire grew to feel again the happiness and entire freedom from care of the night before. The demon had entered my soul. Such was the beginning.

"I gave way again and injected a dose. In a short time I had reached the stage when twenty to thirty injections daily were necessary. My life became one long nightmare. I no longer sought pleasure in taking the poison. I merely sought relief from the agony of abstention.

"I could go nowhere without a syringe and a bottle of morphia in my pocket. I could enjoy nothing. I even noticed that a meal prevented the drug from taking immediate effect, and so ate as little as possible.

"Once I went to a little place in the country, where there was no chemist within miles, taking only enough morphia with me for one evening. In the morning I was unable to rise. I felt as if I were dying. So great was the agony I was enduring that I finally persuaded the old farmer with whom I had intended to stay to drive me in a cart to the railway station.

"By the time I got back to my rooms in town I was nearly mad; I *was* mad. Again and again I rebelled, and again and again the torture of my shrieking nerves drove me to continue.

"I haunted vile dens in the East End, buying morphia for fabulous prices from street-hawkers, women and Chinese.

Finally, one morning I sent my servant to a post-office where I knew she would find an envelope addressed to me, containing my daily supply.

"Hours passed. At last there came a knock on my door, but instead of my servant two detectives entered the room. I was arrested!

"My state was then such that an ambulance was called and I was taken to an infirmary. There I was given brandy and other stimulants and just enough morphia to keep me sane. I appeared the next morning before a magistrate and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

"THESE three months I spent in a prison hospital. I, of course, received no more morphia. I will not dwell on the hell I lived in for a whole month, until gradually my nerves regained their normal condition. I feel sure that it is the only way. In prison one simply *cannot* obtain any drugs."

Such was his story; and I believe that it is the story of most drug-takers. Very few ever start on the downward path wilfully. Some illness or accident first makes them acquainted with opium in its various forms; although it is also true that cocaine is generally offered to some poor girl or man intentionally, by one who has an interest in making them "dope fiends," either a trafficker or a white slaver.

There are many evil drugs in the world, set in a shimmering halo of illusion, posing as benefactors of mankind and promising relief from life's troubles and pain; but they all have this in common, that when once taken they drive the victim to take them again, by the terrible sufferings of abstinence.

THE tortures described by the young naval officer are those that *every drug-taker must sooner or later endure.*

Most of the drugs distributed in violation of the Act come from abroad. The tricks of the smugglers are many and have been often described. Only lately a large quantity of jars of ginger arrived at one of the docks consigned to a Chinaman. They were delivered in the usual way, but Scotland Yard had its suspicions, and an unexpected visit revealed the fact that hidden in the jars, in sealed tubes, were quantities of heroin and cocaine of German manufacture.

Let us hope that in England an institution will soon be founded where a drug addict may go, free of charge, to be cured, and, once he has passed the door, the institution has the power to keep him against his will until he is truly rid of the craving.

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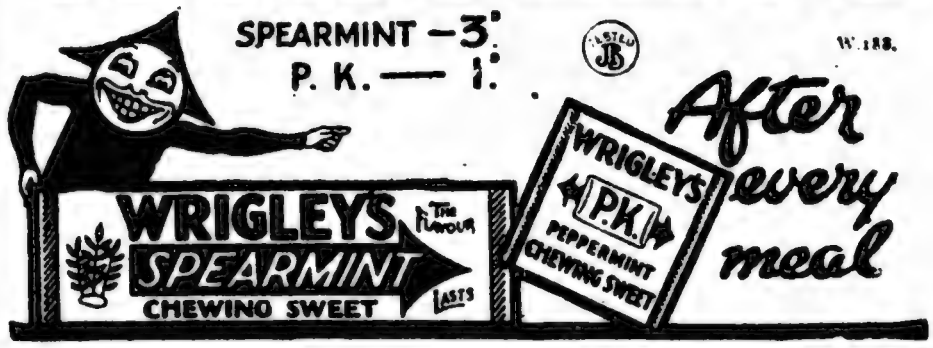

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WOMEN CONVICTS' AGONY

TREATED WORSE THAN ANIMALS

Facts for the Home Secretary to Consider

IS the public aware that a woman who is sentenced to penal servitude is treated far more severely than a man, and has also far fewer opportunities and concessions? This scandal is revealed for the first time by JOHN BULL

WHEN a magistrate sentences a man and a woman to penal servitude he takes it for granted that they will be treated similarly. The public suppose the same. It is time the facts were known. We believe that they have only to be known to arouse such a public protest that the Home Secretary and the Prison Commissioners will be compelled to end this injustice.

Men convicts are sent to prisons at Maidstone and Dartmoor and to the invalid prison at Parkhurst. The conditions at these prisons are such that any convict will tell you that he would rather do three years in a penal servitude prison than two in a local prison.

It is rightly held that men who are sentenced to long terms of penal servitude should have some relief from the monotonous and confined existence imposed upon short-sentence prisoners. Therefore, the severity of the confinement is lightened by greater variety of work, open-air activities and certain social concessions.

But, as we shall show, the principal modifications which the men convicts enjoy are denied to the women convicts.

All classes herded together

If the existence of convicts is to be made more bearable in the ways indicated above, the conditions of the prison in which they are confined must obviously be suitable. Greater variety of work cannot be secured if the facilities are not provided. Nor can healthy open-air activity be given in cramped town prisons.

For the women convicts in their care the Prison Commissioners have selected one of the least suitable prisons in England for these purposes.

Male convicts undergoing their first sentence are imprisoned at Maidstone. The invalid convicts and those undergoing preventive detention are sent to Parkhurst and Camp Hill, in the Isle of Wight; and the more hardened offenders go to Dartmoor. No one pretends that life at these prisons is a picnic; but the work is varied, the surroundings are healthy, and open-air activity is extensive.

All the women convicts—whether first offenders, invalids, preventive detention prisoners, or old offenders—are confined in the cramped conditions of one wing of a town prison—Walton Jail, Liverpool.

Dull and drab monotony

Their work is the ordinary monotonous labour of women in local prisons; the facilities for social activity are severely restricted; and there is no opportunity for open-air employment. They have to live in this narrow and dismal environment for three, five, or, it may be, ten years.

Let us look at their conditions a little more closely.

The Liverpool prison is one of the largest in the country. All the men are short-sentence prisoners, and so are the majority of the women. In this large prison the women convicts, collected from all parts of the country, only number about sixty; the preventive detention women only six.

The short-sentence prisoners pass in and out. The women convicts stay on year after year. They have to undergo a far more terrible strain. Yet they are treated merely as an appendix of the larger prison. They are lost in it.

They are housed in one of the most dismal parts of the prison. There are gardens in the prison; but the women convicts do not see these. Their cell windows look out on a drab prison yard and ugly prison buildings.

On one side they are overlooked by the hall in which the male prisoners on remand are accommodated. On the other side is the hall of the short-sentence women prisoners. They are just squeezed in where they can fit.

Summer and winter alike

Imagine what it must be like to exist under such conditions for three, five, or ten years. A woman magistrate says that to these women the change of seasons is hardly more than a difference in heat or cold.

A lady visitor to the prison tells how the women convicts place chairs on their tables and spend hours trying to see outside the prison walls, to catch a glimpse of the distant fields and trees. Contrast this with the conditions at Dartmoor, where working parties of men convicts go out across the moors to a distance of two miles. It is a monstrous cruelty to cage women in this manner for long years.

Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, Chairman of the Prison Commission

The only relief is a Saturday afternoon visit to a bare walled-in field in the prison grounds, where the women are allowed to walk and sit, and an ill-drained yard where first offenders are permitted to play at a sort of quoits-tennis once a week.

A visitor describes how water was standing in large pools in this yard, so that the women were afraid of getting wet and did not play.

The women convicts are mostly employed in laundry work and sewing. The laundry is a fifth-rate building, old and inconvenient. It is used by the short-sentence prisoners, the women convicts, and the preventive detention prisoners alike, huddled together, with crude canvas screens inadequately separating them.

The sewing-room is better, but its use by the women convicts means that the short-sentence prisoners have to do this work on the floor, where the light is not sufficient for sewing either by day or night.

Hospital a "perfect hell"

At Dartmoor the men can always look forward to interesting work, in the later stages of their imprisonment, at least. It is this chance of open-air work, with its variety and reality, which makes prisoners prefer convict to local prisons.

It is interesting to see how the warders' children, coming for milk, run among the convicts at Dartmoor. The only child the convict women ever see is an occasional infant of one of the prisoners. The only animal is the cat.

Men convicts who are invalids are sent to a special prison at Parkhurst. In the summer evenings they walk or sit or read in the garden. How different is the lot of the invalid woman convict!

The hospital accommodation is so inadequate that all convict prisoners are placed in one ward, foul-mouthed offenders with long records of crime side by side with young girl first offenders. One young prisoner describes this place as a "perfect hell."

These are the facts. What is the Home Secretary going to do now that we have revealed them to the public?

What are the public themselves going to say when we give them an instance like this? An unhappy woman may have been sentenced to death. After she has gone through all the agonies of a position so terrible, she learns that she is to be reprieved and that she must expiate her offence by a long of imprisonment.

Shadow of the gallows

Such a woman never forgets the agony through which she has passed. Imagine her feelings when she lies in her cell at night, knowing that there is another poor woman in the same prison whose death sentence has not been reprieved and who has to expiate her offence on the scaffold.

We say that that is abominable torture and should not be permitted. It may be that this only happens rarely. But one case is remembered by unhappy prisoners, who knew of a woman who fainted in her cell as she heard the tolling of the bell.

The authorities have a strange excuse to offer. Before the war women convicts were sent to Aylesbury, where at least there was a vegetable garden which supplied food to the prison. During the war, and as a wartime economy, these women were removed to Liverpool to save expense.

Do the taxpayers really want to save money at so dreadful a cost? Do they really agree that women convicts should be tortured in ways from which men convicts are immune, to gratify the cheeseparing instincts of the Treasury?

"Luxury money" spent on others

At Liverpool, as well as the women convicts, there is another class known as "preventive detention" women. They are treated with much greater leniency.

There is a preventive detention woman whose task it is to do the cooking for her own department. By good conduct she has obtained that pathetically trivial allowance which is strangely called "luxury money." She spends every penny of this money to improve the dinners of her fellow-prisoners.

When the women were at Aylesbury they sometimes had the great privilege of getting roasted meat, though this concession was not warranted under the regulations. At Walton Jail the women cannot get roasted or baked meat.

Latterly some of the younger women convicts have been removed to Aylesbury. This is very good for them, but it accentuates the misery and the suffering of those who have been left behind.

The Home Secretary recently thanked God that the object of the British penal system was to reform prisoners. He is deforming women convicts by permitting conditions to remain which amount to prolonged torture.

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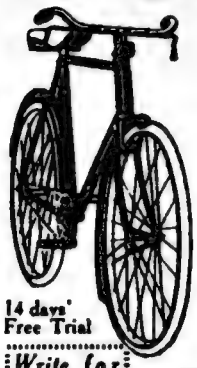
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Words Winged to Women

Mothers and Midwives

The Call for Better Training

by **ALICE GREGORY**

Hon. Sec. Brit. Hospital for Mothers and Babies

WE live in an age of scientific advancement. Science has taught us how to prolong our lives, how to bring back injured lives from the very edge of the grave, and—most important of all from the national standpoint—how to preserve even the weakliest of baby lives.

Indeed, so striking is the general advancement, that during the last twenty years the general death-rate has been reduced by one-fourth and the infant death-rate by no less than one-half. How, then, in face of such encouraging progress, do we account for the fact that in the same period the maternal death-rate has remained all but stationary?

Can it be that we have left this most important of all functions, the bringing into the world of a new human life, too much to chance? Are we doing all we might do for our expectant mothers? Does the working mother, when she comes to her hour of danger and trial, receive all the well-trained help she so sorely needs? Above all, are we taking sufficient care that our midwives are thoroughly and efficiently trained?

Life held too cheaply

Before we answer this last most important question we women should note well the following facts: The training of a hospital nurse lasts for three years; the training of a masseuse lasts for three years; the training of a health visitor lasts for two years; *the training of a midwife is accomplished in six months.*

This discrepancy is the more amazing when we remember that more than half the births that occur every year in this country are attended by midwives. The life, therefore, of more than half our mothers with new-born infants is of necessity in the midwives' hands. Here, again, are facts to ponder.

Childbirth is, almost more than any other condition requiring medical care and skill, liable to be attended at any moment with sudden and abnormal complications. Should a midwife fail to recognise abnormal signs at the onset her patient's life may pay the forfeit.

Criminal ignorance

Death, in hundreds of instances, does literally descend like a bolt from the blue; and where does death ever bring more poignant, and well-nigh irreparable, disaster than when it snatches a mother from her family at the very moment when children are at the age to need a mother's tender care the most?

H.R.H. Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, President of Council for Promotion of Higher Training of Midwives.

Yet this is the tragedy of daily occurrence, for there is no branch of the medical profession so characterised by sudden and violent fatalities as that of midwifery. The great sadness of it is, *it need not be.*

We are told by the Ministry of Health that a longer course of training for midwives will soon be compulsory. But we are warned that even then it will lag far behind that of a trained nurse, masseuse, or even a teacher of domestic economy. So it looks as though women themselves, if they want anything done, and on really efficient lines, must take up the responsibility and set the pace themselves.

How, then, must they set about this task? Ignorance is at the root of most evils, and women in every district can make better known the work already in being. They can interest themselves in the Council for Promotion of the Higher Training of Midwives, and help forward the work that it is doing.

Moreover, there is one institution, the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies, founded in Woolwich in 1905, which will take the name of the National Training School for District Midwives when funds enough for rebuilding and extension are forthcoming.

The strength of unity

One or two women alone, even women moderately well off, can do little. But women, rich and poor alike, united in one great common object, can do a very great deal. Unity is strength. Let us be united in this attempt to save life and health to working women at the time when they are most urgently needed by their little children.

Perhaps we lack a little in imagination. It cannot be that we are indifferent. Fortunately, imagination can be cultivated. Wedded to practical measures, which will suggest themselves to any group of women really in earnest on this matter, the lives of innumerable mothers, now forfeited through lack of knowledge, might be saved. It is noble work. There is none of more national importance.

Fairy Tales for Women

by **LADY ALYS DEVERELL**

WHAT is the attitude of the women of this country towards war? One would have thought that, after the bloody years from 1914 to 1918, they would have looked with loathing and abhorrence upon any suggestion of future conflict.

Yet, as one who moves freely among women, I am convinced that no such loathing exists; and, while there may be no *desire* for war, there is an apathy towards the whole thing that is a positive danger for the peace of the world.

Women forget that it is in their power to make for peace and goodwill upon earth. It is in their power to bring up boys and girls who will realise the horror and uselessness of bloodshed.

WOMEN'S greatest weakness is her love of romance—a weakness that was played upon with diabolical cunning by the Press during the Great War. War became a romance, bloodshed a fairy-tale. Every man in khaki was a knight in armour, and we were all out to make the world safe for democracy.

Well, we know now just how safe it is! The nations are piling up armaments against each other, and in every country there are murmurings of strife. At any moment—whether in Japan, America, France, Morocco or Russia—the first shot may be fired that will set the world ablaze again.

Then once more we shall have our women set their faces and steel their hearts, and believe the newspaper tales that their boys are being slaughtered in a Christian crusade against the devil. The parsons will tell mothers that it is the duty of their boys to don uniform and fight the foe, and the old game will be on.

OUR women were certainly heroines during the war, but political capital was made out of their heroism. They were taught to see only the mythical "glory" of men marching away to death.

But some of the men came back—wrecked, maimed, crippled—the fruits of victory—and women must take note of these human derelicts. They must use their great powers to see that peace to mankind is preserved.

Their choice really is a simple one—the choice of a mother. Do they want their children to grow up and work for the good of humanity, or do they want them to be cut off in the first flush of young manhood to make a political scoop for incompetent statesmen?

THE biggest danger to women is from the Press. The newspapers can always find a "cause" for a war. They can lament to the world that such-and-such an action by a foreign Power is against the interests of mankind generally; that only bloodshed can wipe out "this gross insult to our national honour."

This apathy of women must be thrown off. Men are more or less children. War is a game that politicians and professional soldiers love to play. But they must be allowed to play it no longer.

It is the women who must stop them.

How to Keep Well

Smoker's Heart

by **A Wimpole Street Physician**

MANY people worry when they feel their heart quicken and flutter unexpectedly.

They think they have got heart disease. But, usually, they have got indigestion.

The stomach is situated below and behind the heart, and when it is distended with flatulence it presses upon the heart. It is this that causes palpitation.

The way to cure this kind of palpitation is to drink a few drops of sal volatile in a cup of hot water or half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in water.

Flatulent distension of the stomach is caused by too much acid causing fermentation of the starchy foods, and may be prevented by avoiding potatoes, white bread, and milk puddings, and drinking only between meals and never with food.

Other common causes of palpitation are over-indulgence in tobacco, tea, coffee, and alcohol. Of these the commonest is over-indulgence in tobacco.

Smoker's heart, as it is called, may be a very troublesome complaint. It can be cured by knocking off smoking.

But this must be done in no half-hearted fashion; smoking must be prohibited absolutely in these cases.

Palpitation is more common in women than in men, and may sometimes be due to anæmia or neurasthenia. In these cases it must be treated by a doctor.

The irritable heart, or D.A.H., that was common among soldiers, was a nervous trouble, caused by the strain of training or fighting, and most of the cases recovered after the war.

Energy all the day long

EVERY minute of the day a healthy child is using up energy. Brain and body are always active, always busy.

Energy is derived from the nourishment contained in food, and from that source alone. But a child uses up energy to a greater extent than the nourishment extracted from the ordinary daily dietary can make good.

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Answer how you like, rhubarb gives you the best of it either way. The scarlet sticks combine the refreshing and health-giving qualities of both fruit and vegetable.

Bird's Custard adds to rhubarb, *firstly*, the pure cereal albumens in which it abounds, and *secondly*, all the goodness of fresh milk. What a health-bringing dish is Bird's Custard and rhubarb!

Well whisk the Bird's Custard when cold. It then goes like summer cream with the luscious rhubarb.

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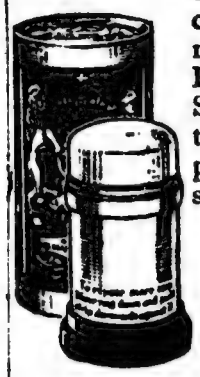

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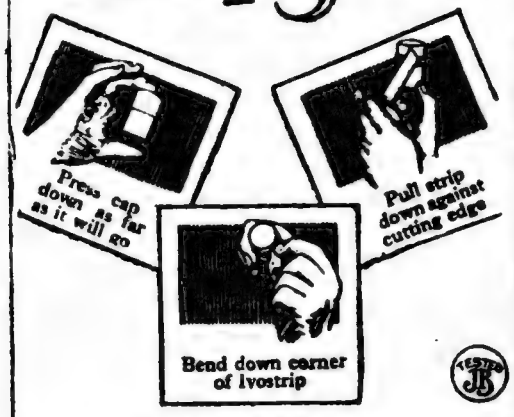

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Human Documents

The Man who Made Good

A Sullen Partner—Woman with Two Husbands—Lovers' Secrets

"I AM thirty-eight years of age, born and raised in a vile slum of East London. My parents I never knew. So far as I can gather, I and my sister were found as babies naked, covered with grime and vermin, crying with hunger and terror in a dirty little attic, while in a corner lay stretched my father, dead.

"Probing deep into the dim and hazy shadows of memory, I sometimes get a glimpse again of this scene of squalid poverty and hopeless abandon.

"With weeks of filth on our wasted bodies we were dragged out by some unknown person and taken to a noisome alley near by, where I was assigned to a gin-sodden drab who lived with a brutal paramour. The latter's principal recreation seemed to be knocking the woman downstairs and dragging her up again by her hair, both of them uproariously drunk the while.

"The woman came to a peaceful demise by having her skull smashed in, and I was prettily disposed of by being pitched into the workhouse, from whence I was transferred to a school. Later, I was presented to a tall, gaunt woman of forbidding aspect who took me to another slum, where I was made welcome with prayers and sobs alternated with deep spirituous potations which this terrifying creature shared with her fat, oily consort.

"TO cut a long story short, this sort of youth was all the preparation I had for the battle of life, and at twenty-one, never having seen my sister again, I went off to Canada. After many miserable experiences I passed into the States, disillusioned and sorrowful, without a friend, anxious only to forget and be forgotten.

"I changed my name and did well for myself. During the war I enlisted in the American army, and became an American citizen.

"As I prospered, I worried about the sister of whom I knew so little. I advertised for her for years, and at last I have located her in that same slum, working from 6 a.m. till 10 p.m., making shoes to support herself and her little boy, her husband being dead.

"I am anxious to buy a little home so that we may all end our days together in peace and comfort. But how to do it? I have the means, but I am an American citizen, and have permission to remain in this country only two months. What can be done?"

"Humanist" says:—*I trust that you and your sister will at last find happiness. You should have little difficulty in getting your permission to stay in this country extended with the view of resuming British nationality. Write to the Home Secretary, who will, I am sure, give your predicament sympathetic consideration.*

"I HAVE recently lost my mother, and the bereavement has caused my father, verging on seventy-six, a great shock, affecting his health so seriously that he has been unable to follow his business, and we are now suffering great privation in consequence.

Selfish Sisters

"My father has two sisters who are worth at least £30,000. Some time ago, when he was suddenly taken ill, and the doctors almost despaired of saving his life, my mother, who was then alive, appealed to these sisters asking for help. They coldly replied through a solicitor stating that they could not give any assistance.

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. In cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others, correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"With the help of strangers we struggled through that difficulty, but my father has been quite incapacitated by my mother's death. We are unable now to pay the rent and have received notice to quit.

"Unknown to us, a friend of ours wrote to these sisters explaining our circumstances, but received no reply. She then wrote to the vicar of their parish, knowing that they were constant visitors at the vicarage, and asked him to approach them on our behalf. He wrote back saying that he had interviewed them, but they were unable to do anything, and he did not wish to be troubled further in the matter.

"I fear my father's mind may become unhinged by this heartless treatment. Can nothing be done to compel his sisters to do their duty towards him?"

"Humanist" says:—*The attitude taken by your aunts with regard to your father's misfortunes seems very ungenerous, but I am afraid that, if they are unwilling to help him voluntarily, they cannot be compelled to do so unless he should become chargeable to the guardians of the poor—an eventuality which I hope will not materialise.*

"I WAS married about four years ago. My husband and I were very young, and we had little of this world's goods to bless ourselves with, so that it needed a stout heart to face the future.

A Sulky Husband

"His earnings were small, and whenever opportunity offered I took a day's cleaning or washing, and saved the money I received for my work. Now, largely by my own efforts, I have a nice little cottage, comfortably furnished, and no doubt my friends and acquaintances think I am extremely fortunate in the possession of a fine home and a loving husband.

"But there is a fly in the ointment. For no reason whatever, my husband gets fits of the sulks, when he won't speak a word or take any notice of me, this state of affairs lasting from ten to fourteen days at a time. The first time this occurred I asked him, when the attack was over, what had been the matter with him. He replied that it was just the mood he was in.

"Now these attacks are happening very frequently, and I am being made most miserable through them. I have asked a friend of mine what she would do in such circumstances, and she suggests that when I see him coming out of the sulks I should go into them, and give him a taste of what I have had to suffer. What do you advise?"

"Humanist" says:—*It is possible that there is some pathological condition underlying these humours. Try to persuade your husband to see a doctor. If he refuses, see a doctor yourself and get him to prescribe a fortnight's holiday for you, away from your husband. That may bring him to his senses.*

"EIGHTEEN years ago my husband went to relatives in America, promising to send for me and the children as soon as he could make a home. After a time his people wrote and told me they were sorry he was there, as he had turned out a thoroughly bad lot and I could expect nothing from him.

Deserted and Deceived

"God alone knows what I suffered in bringing up the children without assistance. Many times I have gone to work with no food except the crusts they had left. At last I heard from his people that he was dead, and I married a good man who has brought comfort into my life.

"Now, to my horror, I find that my first husband is still alive. He and his mother have deceived me for years, and have lived together in comfort while I and my children have starved.

"They talk of coming over here, and my present husband says he will thrash them if they attempt to interfere with us now. What can I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*You have my sympathy. You need fear little if you remarried on a reasonable assumption that your husband was dead. He should atone for his wicked desertion and deceit by divorcing you. Leave him to your good man to deal with.*

A Worried Wife

"I have been married two years. My husband is a good sort, but at times he tells me he has done wrong with a friend of mine, and then when he sees it is worrying me he says it is just a joke. How can I know the truth?"

"Humanist" says:—*I should regard such a husband as a very bad sort. Only a cad would joke in that fashion. Tell him that you will put the question to your friend and ask her if she can see the joke.*

Age and Wage

"By giving my age as eighteen instead of twenty-one I obtained a job at 30s. a week. I find now that it is really a man's work and the wage is insufficient. Should I tell my employers my real age and ask for a rise?"

"Humanist" says:—*Pay for work, not wage for age, is the general rule. If your employers think you are worth more they may give it to you if you ask them, and there should be no need for you to flourish your birth certificate.*

Mother's Money

"Six years ago my mother lent me some money, and I still owe her £10. I have since married, and my wife and my mother disagree. My mother is now demanding the debt, but I cannot pay it without stinting my wife and child. Should I pay?"

"Humanist" says:—*Certainly you should. The fact that your creditor happens to be your mother should make you all the more anxious as a man of honour to discharge your obligation as soon as possible.*

Wise Silence

"My sweetheart has refused to marry me unless I tell my parents of an unfortunate incident in her life which I have told her I would forgive and forget. She says she will not marry under false pretences, but my mother's health is so feeble that the confession would be a great shock. What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Such secrets are best buried between lovers. If you explain to your sweetheart that the knowledge would seriously harm your mother she will realise that duty demands silence.*

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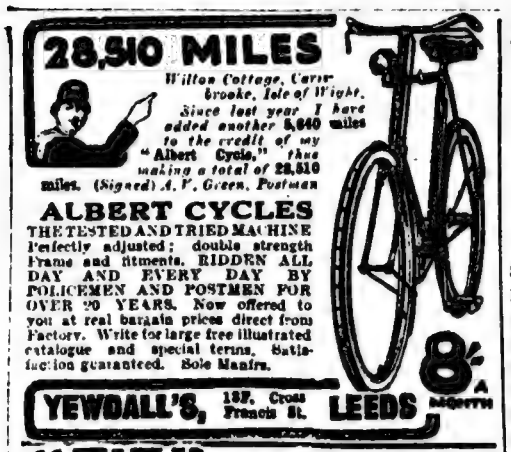
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Our Letter Parliament

Housewives to Unite!

Jurymen's Loss—Easy Credit—Joy through Wireless

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Profiteers, Clear Out

The Food Commission has failed, and all the time spent in interviewing witnesses has not done housewives a bit of good. The food profiteer will flourish so long as it is left to the authorities to deal with him. It is up to the housewives themselves to clear him out. Concerted action could do much.—*T. P. L., Loughborough.*

The Minimum Reached

Mrs. Kerr suggests that every housewife should cut down her grocery bill. I wonder if she realises that the workman's wife is compelled by necessity to do this? Every workman's wife with a hearty husband and growing children to feed has to go without herself to keep them going. It is not for the working class for those who are in a more fortunate position to do with less.—*Fed Up, Lowestoft*

Business Only Meant

Mrs. Kerr suggests lowering food prices by replacing essential foods by substitutes. Would not the substitutes then increase in price as demand for them increased? In any case, isolated action by a housewife here and there would not be effective. Concerted action is necessary and to that end a Union of Housewives in every district should be formed. *M. S. M., Rochdale.*

Combine Against Combine

If the dealers can combine to keep up prices, surely the consumers can do likewise in the attempt to bring them down. If the movement for reform commenced by holding meetings in large centres, enthusiasm would soon follow. The sacrifice, by purchasing bare essentials, would be small in contrast to results.—*T. Turner, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

A Trader's Plea

It is interesting to a provision merchant or food trader to hear the opinions of those who are consumers and not traders. Mrs. Juson Kerr does not prove that the retailer is a profiteer. Even the Food Commission has not proved it. It goes without saying that the Housewives' Union could sell milk 2d. per quart cheaper than anyone else. The union did not pay men £4 per week to deliver it. Before we accuse the trader of profiteering we must first prove him guilty.—*J. Ashby, Streatham.*

Fat Prices, Lean Purses

Often in quite a short walking distance, the same object is offered for sale at various prices. Few women like to say they can get it cheaper elsewhere; they pay the extra penny or so rather than be thought mean. Women should also refuse to pay the penny or so for overweight. If they ask for a certain quantity they should insist on receiving that amount. To band together to do without a commodity is not feasible in a large town. Those who have the money will not be bothered by going without. Consequently, high prices fall hardest on the leanest purses.—*Northlight, Sheffield.*

Cheap Meat Rejected

Producers are not likely to produce if there is a decrease of demand for their products. Two years ago there was an abundance of potatoes. Prices came down below the cost of production, and the result was that last year scores of acres less were planted, and prices again soared. If your correspondent were in either the provision or meat trade, she would find that the cheaper parts of bacon and meat are practically unsaleable. Tons of such parts are literally thrown away every week.—*Small Trader, Surrey.*

Cut to the Bone

Perhaps Mrs. Kerr is unaware of the number of women who are contriving to keep body and soul together on the "dole." These women have, when money is paid away for rent and coal, from 13s. (if no family) to 25s. (if six children) each week to lay out on necessaries. I wonder how such could help without giving up everything.—*T. A. Boggon, Jarrow.*

Little Man Loses

A common view is that small shopkeepers ought to sell as cheaply as the big stores. How can they when multiple-shops purchase larger quantities at reduced rates? It is not that the small trader gets more profit on his sales, but that his initial cost is greater. No wise shopkeeper wants to sell above his neighbour's figures, for this means that custom goes past; on the other hand, if he starts a cutting competition with the stores he is sure to be the loser.—*Elgin.*

Horses for Butchery

I wish to protest against the disgraceful traffic in worn-out horses. And to think it goes on in a so-called Christian country, with never a protest from clergy or teachers! That these poor defenceless beasts should be consigned to a cruel fate is a grievous wrong. Put a heavy tax on each and it will not pay dealers to export them.—*Lover of Animals, Greenock.*

Too Slow

Has the time not gone by for saying, complacently, that we must not force the pace in reforms? History teaches that decaying great empires do not admit their decay till it is too late. So with the British Empire. Industry is in the extreme of peril, and peace over the world must be secured as the root cure. Instead, we attribute troubles to anything and everything else!—*G. H. B., Norfolk.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"EVENING NEWS":—"ALL the cars had TWO OCCUPANTS, EXCEPT in the case of Mr. . . . . who drove his own Frazer-Nash WITH A WOMAN COMPANION."

"FOOTBALL AND SPORTS FAVOURITE":—"Reggie was SILENT, those mild blue eyes behind the goggling glasses took in everything, and he ASKED A NUMBER OF QUESTIONS."

"WOMEN'S WORLD LIBRARY":—"Lifting her small HAND proudly in its fantastic HEADDRESS, she stepped gravely at his side."

"NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL" (serial):—"When the neatly-laid logs were blazing to her liking, she rose from her knees, BRUSHING OFF HER HANDS."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"'The trade with China and Japan is as DEAD as a door-nail,' he said, 'and I think a duty would KILL IT.'"

"BRIXTON FREE PRESS" (advert.):—"GENTLEMAN seeks light position trust four afternoons, evening; good NEEDLEWORK."

"HULL DAILY MAIL":—"Arrange the FINGERS on pieces of toast, POUR THE SAME OUT, and serve very hot."

Sunday not Enjoyed

Why cannot we have enjoyment as well as rest on Sunday? I work from 9 a.m. till 8 p.m., with half-day off on Thursday, when all the shops are closed and the streets deserted. On Saturdays I work from 9 a.m. till 9 p.m. The only enjoyment then is in a café or billiard-hall. Sunday comes with nothing to do but walk about; no theatres, no cafés, no music, no fun.—*H. M., Blackburn.*

The Citizen's Privilege

Surely, there are enough people who can spare the time to serve on juries without calling upon those who are put to very serious loss and inconvenience? To give an instance, a married man, with wife and four children, who goes out hawking, is called upon and must leave his work for several days, and pay his own fares. Should there not be some right of "hardship" appeal in such cases?—*Fair Play, Lancs.*

No "Tick"

Lord Danesfort's suggestion in the House of Lords for the removal of the husband's liability in certain cases is timely. The committee might well consider also the facilities, and, indeed, inducements, which many firms offer to the wives of middle-class people to obtain credit. Pay for things as you get them, or if you cannot, do without.—*Yorkshireman, North Ferriby.*

Gullible Public

Your scathing castigation of the almost blasphemous twaddle Judge Rutherford talked at the Albert Hall is well deserved. That so big a proportion of the public should listen to this rubbish is almost incredible. His mental arithmetic is stupid, and his dabbling in morals questionable. When one remembers the utter wickedness of Pastor Russell, that arch-hypocrite, and then knows Rutherford is his successor, surely all decent people ought to treat him and his gospel with the contempt he and it deserves.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Thanks to "John Bull"

Allow me to express my heartfelt thanks for your generosity which saved my crippled brother from going to prison. I never imagined it was possible for my brother to be released, as he lost his appeal, and everything else had failed. When everything else looked black and I was absolutely in despair JOHN BULL came like a ray of sunshine. I now realise that the paper is a real life-saver as God alone knows what might have happened to my brother if he had had to go to prison.—*E. Danziger, Stepney.*

[*The story of this pathetic case is told on page 11 under the title of "Judicial Murder Prevented."*—ED.]

Wireless the Healer

I have just had an opportunity of inspecting the very handsome wireless cabinet that you, in conjunction with Burndept Wireless, Ltd., have had installed in the Children's Department of this hospital, and I would like to say how very deeply we appreciate your kindly thought. It is at such a time that one feels how cold and formal written words are, but I would like to assure you that, although the expression is poor, the warmth of feeling is very real and sincere. Of one thing I am perfectly certain—that if you could see the joy which your gift has brought into the lives of the young patients who are here, you would feel well rewarded for your trouble.—*Superintendent, Charing Cross Hospital.*

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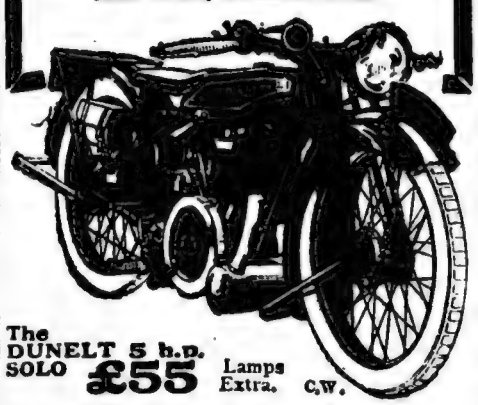

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2/- WEEKLY

Motoring for the Million

Paid-for Persecution

by MOTOMAC

NOW that the Chancellor of the Exchequer can look forward this year or next to a contribution of eighteen millions from motorists, it is nearly time that the motoring public received the consideration due to them.

It is an easy tax to collect, in the main cheerfully paid. It is expended for the common good, and yet we are looked upon as enemies or even felons to be waylaid in the exercise of the very pleasure for which we have paid so handsomely.

It is with reluctance that we criticise any of our official class, but the meddlesome methods of some of our police, resulting in thousands of fines all over the country, for trivial and harmless offences, is getting beyond a joke.

Neither do I wish to criticise any of our automobile societies, but unless they meet this organised tyranny with an effective protest they will at least be one subscription short.

I do not complain of the tricks of the police, dressing up as tramps or speeding along on motor bikes, acting as agent-provocateurs. Every trade has its tricks. I won't even complain of the cupidity of local magistrates, who must know that when a hundred motorists pay fines for paltry offences there is something wrong somewhere. They have to administer the law.

I DO insist that in many respects, and especially with regard to the speed limit on the open country road, the law wants altering quickly. Whatever may have been the need for speed limits in the past, the modern car is a very controllable vehicle at much greater speeds than twenty miles an hour, and the existence of the limit is being made in some quarters a means of adding to the local revenues.

Another irritating matter deserving of ventilation is the law with regard to obstructions. Many people take the car shopping. A fussy policeman notes the time of your stopping, and if your purchasing has been delayed beyond the number of minutes prescribed in that particular area, you may spend another few hours another day at the local police court.

Local traders' societies should do the protesting here. Their business success is being interfered with. Out of their profits these officious officers are paid.

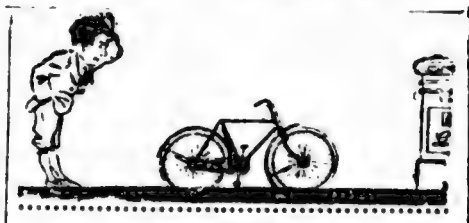
No motorist anywhere desires to make himself a nuisance, but neither will they continue to go where they are looked upon not only as a nuisance but as fair game for plunder.

Fortunately, some towns and some chief constables are more enlightened. The provision of parking places is at last receiving consideration. There is great need for an active campaign to make the movement universal.

THE motorist is almost forgotten in this year's Empire Exhibition. Transport is represented for the time being by a Morris van, but there is considerable space for others.

Henry Ford seems to monopolise the interest of the crowd. His working exhibit though hardly coming up to the pace of factory rapid production, does give one some idea of the method of construction.

It satisfies the British public, who take a keen delight at all times in seeing others at work, and more especially if they themselves are having a day off.



Better no Bike

at all than one which has been robbed of its comfort by the fitting of a saddle that will lose its shape or be worn to pieces in a few hundred miles. The comfortless machine is a danger and a disappointment.

BROOKS SADDLES

are built to maintain the reputation that made them famous. There are models to suit all types of riders—Touring, Sports, Racing. Ask your dealer about one for your own machine.

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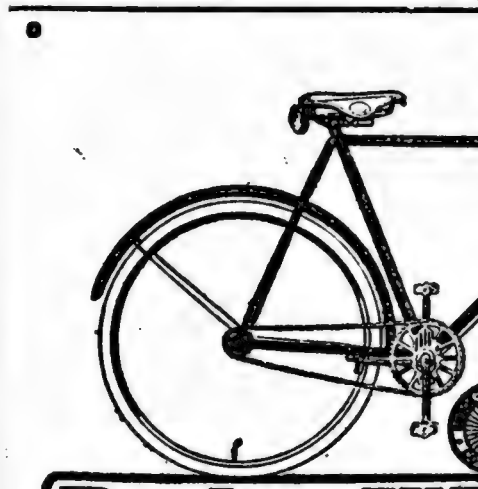

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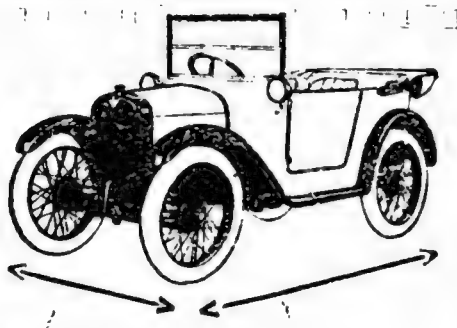

The Austin Seven 3 ft. 10 in. × 9 ft. 2 in.

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No need for a big commodious garage. If you have accommodation for the average sidecar combination, you can house the Austin Seven just as easily. Only 3 ft. 10 in. wide and 9 ft. 2 in. in overall length, it solves the garaging problem for the man with limited garden space, as effectively as it provides the luxury car travel for the economist.

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Electric starter
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4 wheel brakes
A door for the driver
Shock absorbers
Two adjustable seats
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My Finals for the Derby

Taylor or Ptolemy?—A Good Outsider—The Oaks—Crocks Click

I CODED Cross Bow to win the Newmarket Stakes, and I had the satisfaction of seeing my best each-way bet for the Derby win easily from Zionist and Co. at the nice price of 5 to 1.

Ptolemy to Win Only.

I hope this is a good omen for next Wednesday. I must say that I am in mortal fear of Ptolemy—who should be backed solely to win.

A Professional's Plunge.

The well-known professional backer who has been plunging heavily on Cross Bow, for a place only, evidently has visions of the Manton bad luck in pursuit of the Derby still continuing. However, he is on a wonderful bet, as I understand that all his wagers have been made at 4 to 1.

Frank Bullock, Cross Bow's jockey

Taylor had the race at his mercy with Picaroon, but I know he has great faith in the son of Gay Crusader proving an able substitute. If he succeeds, he will be able to shake hands with Gilpin, who won the great race for Major Loder with Spearmint in 1906.

Flair was Favourite.

Gilpin intended to win the Derby of that year with Flair and, if I remember right, the three-year-old was the reigning favourite until he crocked, and had to be scratched. Gilpin trotted out number two and pocketed the spoils.

No Pot Luck with Ptolemy.

A French correspondent—not mine—tells me that Ptolemy is not a wonder-horse, and that he will finish with the "also rans." He may be right, but I prefer to trust Captain Cohn and Robert Denman, who are taking amazing precautions to see that Ptolemy has every chance to win if he is good enough—a special force of detectives to guard the colt at Chantilly, a steamer chartered to bring him to England, and a special race train to land him at Epsom. These measures would not be taken if the horse were only out for an airing. If you back Ptolemy you can rest assured that you are on a good 'un.

Long Shots.

I have had a number of requests for a 66 to 1 shot. I believe Priory Park and Ayaz are fancied, but they have not much to recommend them. Priory Park could not stay six furlongs last back-end, and Ayaz, receiving 17 lb., was trounced by Runnymede at Chester recently. I think a little bit might be entrusted to Spelthorne at starting price.

The colt has no form, but he has made rapid strides lately. There are no doubts about his stamina as he is a son of the Derby winner, Spearmint. Spearmint sired Spion Kop, who won his first race when he captured the Derby of 1920. If Spelthorne runs badly in the Irish Two Thousand Guineas, do not back him at Epsom.

A French Dark 'Un for the Oaks.

I don't suppose anyone will look for an outsider to beat Saucy Sue in the Oaks, but there will be sporting Frenchmen throwing a few francs at Lucide II., a rather smart filly, who is to represent France in the race. It is in favour of the stable that they have as trial horse Befonds, a half-brother of Filibert de Savoie, rated a great three-year-old quite capable of beating Ptolemy in the Grand Prix de Paris. I just pass this on, because if an accident should happen, this stranger may be the medium selected by Fate for upsetting a hot-pot. The filly should be at a nice price for a place.

RUTHLESS RHYMES.

"Don't back my horse," the trainer said,
"His leg no good for much is."
The leg was sounder than the advice.
That trainer walks on crutches.

Once from a Find-the-Lady man
A novice won a pound;
The winner's grave is occupied,
And green grass grows all round.

A welsher went to a racecourse twice,
And two returns he made.
The first with the Southern Railway Co.,
The next with St. John's Brigade.

Crocks Click.

The moral of the Jubilee is, don't be put off your fancy—even if he is suffering from acute indigestion, corns, warts, or bunions. Amethystine—the lame horse—beat one of the best fields which has ever contested the Jubilee.

BEST BETS FOR THE DERBY

TO WIN—
PTOLEMY II.

EACH WAY—
CROSS BOW.

LONG SHOT—
SPELTHORNE.

Not Wanted in Germany.

The refusal of the German Jockey Club to allow Joe Shatwell to ride in Germany on the grounds that he is an Englishman is not surprising, inasmuch as German jockeys are not wanted over here. Joe might have got a job as first jockey to Hindenburg, but if I were he I should prefer a free lance's job in Merry England. F. Winter rode for the Kaiser and was rewarded by being interned on the outbreak of the war.

The Horse—Not the Clock.

The fall of Big Ben, the 9 to 2 on chance who was beaten for the first time by Friar Wile at Newmarket, was responsible for an amusing incident which I happened to witness in the Strand. A dear old lady evidently overheard some newspaper boys discussing the collapse of the favourite. She asked one of them how it happened and if anybody were killed.

Elliott v. Smirke.

I have been wondering if Elliott, the champion jockey, intends to have a race with Smirke to see who can ride the most consecutive losers. At the moment of going to press Smirke has increased his losing sequence to forty-one. Elliott is toiling in the rear with thirty consecutive failures. It is not often that two famous jockeys have such a bad run.

One for Ascot.

If the handicapper is kind, Le Capucin will be a strongly fancied candidate for the Ascot Stakes. The horse ranked with Filibert de Savoie and Massine last year as a great stayer, and was fully expected to beat the other two in the Gold Cup. He had bad luck, but finished fourth in spite of that. It was intended to enter him this year, but the entry was overlooked until too late. It will take a big weight to stop him at Ascot in the Stakes or the Alexandra Stakes.

On the Track of Dopers.

The French Jockey Club is scientifically equipped for detecting "doping," and the Stewards are quick to act when hints reach them. They have now offered to assist our powers-that-be by allowing close inspection of French methods. I hope our authorities accept their offer. Incidentally, it is not helpful if trainers protest every time tests are made. It is in the interests of the innocent that where there are rumours these should be put to the test, and so long as the right to test is exercised without favour it should not be challenged.

Ormuzd is Better than His Name.

This good-looking horse is a son of Sardanapale, the great French Classic horse. Like all the sons and daughters of that sire he seems to be temperamental and has been hard to train. He ran twice in France last year, being placed once and winning his other race. He will probably win good races here, but allowance must be made for the kinks.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Birmingham Mail, Irish Independent, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Bristol Times and Mirror, Sheffield Early Bird, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Liverpool Sporting Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Belfast Irish News, Mid-day Sporting Chronicle.

A H K I E V T 3 M L P R Q D

2 Y W J X O G F C U N S B Z

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be. XO2PZXS would read EVANDER.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from May 20 to May 26.

Horses to Follow

JAMNAGAR.—I coded Jamnagar to win at Kempton in the belief that I was giving a fancied outsider. He started at 2 to 1 in a field of twenty-two and finished sixth. Many bookmakers refused to lay the horse before the off. Give him another chance next time.

WINALOT.—This Son-in-Law horse was interfered with badly, and yet won the Newmarket Handicap easily. In spite of his penalty he is fancied to win the Manchester Cup. He beat Amethystine last year.

Sporting Life
AND SPORTSMAN
The Racing Man to be up to date MUST read "Sporting Life and Sportsman."

FLEET CLOUD.—Mr. Macomber owns a good filly in Fleet Cloud. I think if you back her every time out you will show a good balance on the right side. Six furlongs is her best distance. She carried 9 st. 7 lb. into second place at Kempton.

HALLADALE.—Batho paid 1,700 guineas for Halladale after he won a selling plate at Newmarket. This is a terrific price for a selling-plater. Don't forget it.

BLAZING SCENT FILLY.—Barling's filly was my code selection for the Two-Year-Old Selling Plate at Newmarket. She finished fourth to Halladale in a field of over thirty. She is very nippy and is certain to win shortly.

YRISSHE.—Cottrill does not believe in training stumers, and he gets a race or two out of most of his horses. Yrisshe, who is training for Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, was backed to win the Somerville Stakes at Newmarket but was virtually left at the post

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Place Doubles and Trebles accepted.
No Restrictions of any kind.

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Price List on Application.

THE DERBY. Run May 27.

200 Alcarazas.	40 Pensacola.
50 Aske.	50 Pleasant Puss.
50 Ayaz.	33 Pons Asinorum.
66 Brandelys.	50 Priory Park.
33 Bucellas.	6 Ptolemy II.
50 Captain Swift.	100 Repertoire.
100 Captivating Hack.	100 Right Arm.
17-2 Conquistador.	33 Roldore.
40 Constantius.	18 Runnymede.
10 Cross Bow.	40 Sereth.
40 Dalmagarry.	66 Sherwood Starr.
66 Dandaloo.	100 Silverado.
33 Dignity.	100 Sir Kenneth.
100 El Cacique.	300 Skysail.
25 Ethnarch.	25 Solario.
100 Field Argent.	40 Solitary.
50 Flying World.	40 Sparus.
50 Foxlaw.	50 Spelthorne.
33 Ginger IX.	10 St. Becan.
33 Glommen.	50 St. Croix.
66 Golden Eaglet.	100 St. Napolean.
200 Grandpre.	66 Starosta.
100 Gyges.	50 Sunderland.
50 Highbinder.	40 Sun God II.
33 Imperator.	66 Swiss Guard.
50 Kentish Glade.	40 The Mahdi.
13-2 Manna.	40 The Sirdar.
100 Mark Twain.	33 The Virginian.
100 Marksman.	66 The Wolf.
50 Masked Marvel.	25 Tissaphernes.
66 Mendoza.	50 Tournesol.
100 Mikael.	100 Traveller's Joy.
200 Mint D'Or.	40 Tresigny.
33 Mohammed Jamal.	33 Vicot.
200 Motley.	33 Warden of the Marches.
50 My Crackers.	40 Warminster.
100 Oak Ridge.	12 Zionist.
33 Oojah.	

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SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS (No References Required).
Prospective Clients unable to give usual references may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.
NO LONDON ADDRESS. No Representatives Anywhere.

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NATURE'S MODERN RESTORATIVE TO HEALTH AND VITALITY—WITHOUT DRUGS
Brain and Spinal Cord Substances.
THE MEDICAL PROFESSION ASTOUNDED by this SIMPLE & EFFECTIVE REMEDY.
Per Box, 3s., or Week's Treatment, 5s.
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free Set of eight beautifully coloured
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TWO SIZES 2/6 & 4/-
SUPPLES MUSCLES FOR TUSSLES

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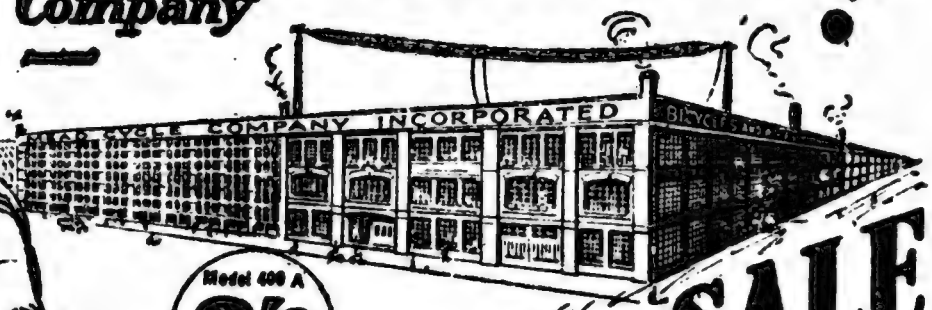
Mead Cycle Company calling!!



Model 406 A
2/6 Weekly

GREAT REMOVAL-SALE

Surplus Stock For Sale Cheap. Nearly 1,000 brand new Mead Cycles were left behind at our old Balsall-Heath Factory when we recently moved to our new Sparkbrook Works. Rather than spend money in moving these machines WE INTEND TO CLEAR THE LOT AT A CUT SALE PRICE. Last year these magnificent "Magic" Roadsters were sold at £9 19s. 6d. But to save handling and transport expenses we have decided to rid the entire stock at **£6 17s. 6d.** each cash, or on credit for **10/-** monthly.

Exquisitely Finished. Each of these famous machines is lavishly equipped, brilliantly nickel-silver plated, richly enamelled and artistically lined in two dainty colours by highly skilled British craftsmen.

No "Extras" To Pay. We Pack Free, Pay Carriage and send the cycle to you on 15 Days' Free riding Trial. Money refunded willingly if you are not in every way delighted with your purchase.

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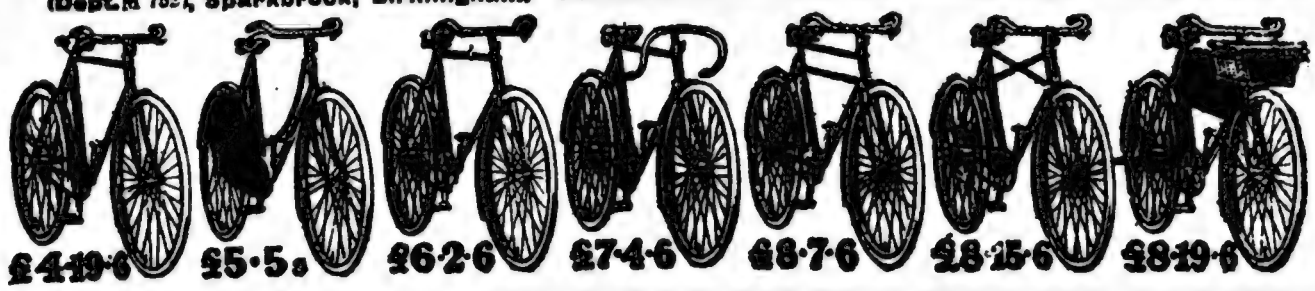

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John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page but his humour is kindly and never malicious and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. See note at top of last column on this page.

F. J. (Kennington).—"I'm enclosing an uncanny story for your consideration." You should have seen us shudder!

L. G. (Clapham).—"How long does the ideal honeymoon last?" Generally, until the first quarterly bills come in.

H. N. (Dublin).—"I never can sleep unless I count sheep." To make matters worse you inform us in verse.

T. G. (Southport).—"The child is not always father to the man." Quite true. Sometimes it's mother to the woman.

Miss F. (Bristol).—"He's a bachelor without a heart." Then the chances are he won't be a bachelor long.

Mrs. G. (Leeds).—"I and my husband are both of one mind." And which of you has it?

Mrs. L. (Settle).—"My husband never swears before me." Tut, tut, surely you don't swear first?

A. B. (Buxton).—"I am training my young son to think as I do." We have acquainted the N.S.P.C.C. with the fact.

LETTIE C. (Ingleton).—"I'm afraid a woman waives her rights on marriage." But it's no permanent waive.

A. W. (Acton).—"I take the wife and kids for a car ride every Saturday." Handy things, trams, for getting about.

O. P. (Pimlico).—"It is man's mission to seek a wife." And man's submission when he gets her.

G. M. (Headon).—"An American couple got married on an aeroplane." Evidently these things are still far from safe.

P. N. (Norwood).—"One customer wanted me to sell her the best kidneys at 9d. a lb." Did you tell her to have a heart?

G. K. (Saltaire).—"If a married man dreams he's a bachelor, what's it a sign of?" Disappointment when he wakes up.

Mrs. P. (Manchester).—"I have a very close relative in Aberdeen." But are there any relatives in Aberdeen *not* very close?

JESSIE (Hornsey).—"Why should girls powder the bloom on the rose?" They don't. It's the bloom on the nose they go for.

Mrs. A. (Morecambe).—"We shall all pass away like tales that are told." Unfortunately, told tales don't pass. They reappear as chestnuts.

Mrs. P. (Kirkby Stephen).—"He told me he was well off before I married him." Perhaps marriage has made him realise more clearly how well off he was.

BESSIE (Tottenham).—"He gave me a small box of chocs. and called me his dearest." He evidently hadn't given the others very much.

P. N. (Rawdon).—"If she refuses me I'll never love another woman." And if she doesn't, how many?

J. M. (Heckmondwike).—"My brains are my fortune." You'll never pay super tax.

GEO. T. (Kew).—"I've got a combined cooker and washer." What a disrespectful way to speak of her.

YANKEE (Liverpool).—"America has made this world what it is." *So that's* where the blame lies, is it?

Mrs. L. (Hastings).—"Men are known by the company they keep." And women by the servants they don't.

F. J. (Ely).—"Every tree has a beating heart." That's more than our tax-collector has.

HERBERT G. (E.C. 3).—"My business is very flourishing." Your signature also seems to enjoy similar conditions.

J. G. B. (Deal).—"If a man called you a fool, what would you do?" If we were you, we should believe him.

WM. A. (Swanage).—"My brother has twice as much brains as I have." We're sorry to hear that he, too, is short of them.

B. T. (Rochester).—"He is a gifted pianist, but is always hard up and borrowing money." He must have a lovely touch.

L. T. (Bolton).—"My grandfather played cricket in a top hat." It's bowlers we need now.

D. H. N. (Nokes).—"He is always tight with his money." A foolish way to spend it.

T. S. (Eastbourne).—"All the clever men are dead." We are envious of your robust health.

M. D. (Bungay).—"I heard the cuckoo in a large oak-tree last Tuesday." What were you doing in a large oak tree?

N. B. (Hastings).—"American dance music should be taxed on coming into the country." You favour the duty on imported hops?

O. T. (West Bromwich).—"I want to be completely shut off from this world." A two penny call in the nearest telephone box will do it.

T. B. (Royston).—"I enclose a new joke—how much do you think it is worth?" We believe Noah paid twopence for the original.

G. N. (Willesden).—"A single man can be distinguished by the fact that he doesn't carry parcels." We can quite believe it. Laden with his wife's parcels, how *can* a man be distinguished?

V. T. (Dalston).—"A dentist must keep up with all the latest ideas." And he must know where to stop

DOLLY (London, N.).—"He is handsome, rich and the best cricketer in the district." A good catch, evidently.

F. L. (Redcar).—"I am very good at book-keeping." Then don't try to borrow any of ours.

J. G. (Leicester).—"Can a decent living be made by a violin player?" Most of them manage to scrape along somehow.

A. C. B. (Northorpe).—"Half what appears on this page is rot." The other half are our replies.

G. M. V. (Putney).—"The missionary must be cultured and tactful." It would never do for the savages to complain that their teacher had no taste.

C. M. V. (Hayes).—"Jazz is merely musical measles." We were always under the impression that it was an affliction of the ear.

S. N. (Clacton).—"I like a resort where there's wind—it's so bracing." Others like resorts where there are wind-shelters—they're so embracing

GERALD Y. (Birdhill).—"Saturday-to-Monday sees the beginning of many divorces." And so the week-end case develops into a divorce-suit-case.

"TEMPERANCE" (Bray).—"The question for the non-teetotaller is knowing where to draw the line." And, after that, being able to walk straight along it.

B. A. W. (Ely).—"I do fifteen minutes exercise every night." You're lucky—some men have to walk them about for hours.

"UNEMPLOYED" (Maldon).—"Tell a politician you're hungry, and all he'll give you is 'gas.'" In fact, you ask for bread and are given a stone-ginger.

C. L. (Stockwell).—"I have been engaged five years, but can't afford to get spliced." If you rope in the £250 in *Bullets* this week, you could soon tie the knot.

R. R. (Tenterden).—"I always go to travel pictures; I like to see the natives carrying explorers over rivers and up mountains." Yes. The white man is the black man's burden.

R. U. I. (Wilton).—"I am certain I can succeed as a novelist as I have written articles I can truthfully say I based on experiences I had when I was travelling the world." We quite believe you. But get your I's seen to.

"TRUE wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing," said a sage of the last century. Many people find it hard to overcome the difficulties in their path because they are not sure of the way of wisdom and have no friend with whom they can take counsel.

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service places at the disposal of all readers who are in perplexity the accumulated wisdom of many years of experience in surmounting the difficulties of life.

Whether the problem that is troubling you is legal or financial, commercial or domestic, moral or economical, explain it to us, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply, and it will receive our careful consideration.

We do not claim to be capable of performing miracles, but we will exercise calm judgment and try to guide you into the path of discretion.

G. M. (Walsworth).—"I am a man of few words." Ditto!

B. B. (Bristol).—"We ought to see ourselves as others see us." That would be a change of view for some folk.

G. N. (Trowse).—"I attended the opening of the second Wembley Exhibition." We heard the affair had been successfully launched.

G. J. (Mayfair).—"A new Parisian skirt reaches the ankles but has a panel of wide-meshed lace to the knee." A transparent device to attract attention.

"ENTHUSIAST" (Hartley).—"I've taken a deep interest in cricket for years." From our memory of the weather we should guess a depth of several inches.

F. J. E. (Levant).—"Even if the employer adds, the tax-collector only subtracts." But, as the family multiplies, the cost is divided.

DORIS F. (Highgate).—"I had a race with my young man, and actually beat him." Mind he doesn't begin to think yet a bit too fast for him.

F. F. (Reading).—"Tramps detained in the workhouse here are provided with morning newspapers." It seems a harsh form of discipline.

G. M. (Barnes).—"To have a good figure, a girl should sit down as infrequently as possible." Many, we hear, have been forced to give up roller-skating.

"JOCKEY" (Newmarket).—"I may surprise you, but horse-racing leaves me cold." We're not surprised, seeing the time it takes many of the horses to get home.

G. M. (Kentish Town).—"He was arrested for making a scene in a restaurant by throwing the cruets about." It is unwise to pour oil on troubled waiters.

A. N. (Wandsworth).—"The L.C.C. maintain a flock of sheep on the Common here." We understand that the animals can obtain drinks with meals after 11 p.m., but gamboling is forbidden.

F. W. N. (Cromer).—"As I walked along the beach, a lovely short-haired girl caught my attention." And after that you were less interested in the sands than in the shingle.

F. D. R. (Fulham).—"I have dieted so severely for corpulence that I've lost a lot of flesh, but feel quite ill." Feed up a bit, and don't worry, and you'll soon get round again.

NATURALIST (Epping).—"Mice so small that a whole family can be put in a match-box have been discovered." They should find a ready sale in this country among fathers anxious to cure their daughters of the cigarette habit.

(A number of replies unavoidably held over.)

A Recipe for Smiles

(With apologies to the late W. S. Gilbert)

TAKE the current *Passing Show*—
Twopence only is its price—
And its worth's beyond compare.
First the cover's cheery glow
Will from you a smile entice;
But its charm will not end there.

It is packed with gems of wit
Stories, pictures, skits and jest
That will all appeal to you.
Lose no time and sample it.
Try one number as a test—
Read the current issue through.

You'll be pleased with it, I know
For it simply *makes* smiles grow;
Once a reader you become
You will take it ev'ry week
And be always bright and gay.
You will never more be glum;

Never more you'll have to seek
Means to drive your cares away.
Live to Laugh and Laugh to Live
With *The Showman* as your guide.
He will prove a friend indeed.
Take the counsel that I give.

Other means you may have tried
That have failed to meet your need.
But you'll find *The Passing Show*
Simply *forces* smiles to grow!

COMPANY MEETING.

EDWARD LLOYD, LIMITED.

The thirty-fifth ordinary general meeting of Edward Lloyd, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, May 12th, at the head office of the company, 4–7, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C., Mr. Frank Lloyd, the chairman and governing director, presiding.

The secretary (Mr. T. Gerald Denson) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—

As you will have seen in the report, the profits for the year show an increase of £19,905 14s. 10d. as compared with 1923. This is not quite such a good result as we had expected owing to the fact that three machines in the Sittingbourne Mills were shut down some months before the Kemsley machines were started, so that our production of paper for the year fell short of our anticipations to the extent of some 5,000 tons.

The New Mill at Kemsley.

The completion of the new mill at Kemsley was delayed beyond the date at which we expected it to be in full operation, with the result that the two wide machines had not attained their full output until the last quarter of the year. They are now running very satisfactorily, and have surpassed our most sanguine anticipations. With so many new features, we naturally had some difficulties to contend with at first, but these have now been overcome, and we feel confident that these machines will be record-breakers in the near future.

Interesting Experiment.

During the year under review, we completed an installation at Kemsley for the manufacture of mechanical pulp from imported timber, and there is every indication that this will prove successful. This experiment is the first of its kind to be made in this country and will be watched with great interest by the whole of the British paper industry. The grinders have been started at intervals since the beginning of the year, and are now in full work. It is too early yet to pronounce a decision as to their real value as compared with the use of imported pulp, and we do not expect to be in a position to give a final verdict for some little time to come. The new and improved caterpillar grinders we have adopted are a great improvement on the old form of pocket grinders, and will not only reduce the cost of production, but turn out a better quality pulp.

The Sittingbourne Mill.

The new power house in the Sittingbourne Mill has been completed, and the 6,000 k.w. turbo generator is now working satisfactorily, supplying steam for drying at Sittingbourne and power for the grinders at Kemsley. The new boiler house is not yet in full work; but it is hoped to have it finished by the end of this year. This has proved a very difficult and protracted job, as it was necessary to remove the old boilers and erect the new ones without interfering with the current work of the mill. Other important additions and improvements have been made during the year, bringing our plant up to the highest degree of efficiency.

The Accounts.

Turning to the accounts, it will be seen that stocks and book debts show an increase of £50,216 10s. 3d., cash in hand a decrease of £12,319 1s. Creditors' credit balances and bills payable a decrease of £30,079 4s. 11d., making a net increase of £62,456 6s. 4d. in the working capital employed in the business to meet the expansion in the turnover.

Investments have been reduced by £385,139 12s. 8d., and there is a bank overdraft of £263,526 3s. 6d., making a total of £648,665 16s. 2d. to go against the large capital expenditure of £698,202 17s. 3d. undertaken during the year. This heavy outlay was mainly for the new paper mill and pulp mill, the additions to the Sittingbourne Mill, the preliminary expenditure on the garden village, and the extensive improvements in our transport system, including overhead travellers and cranes, new locomotives and rolling-stock and steel lighters to cope with the new developments we have in hand. A large portion of this expenditure provides for future expansion of pulp or paper manufacture, for further housing accommodation for our employees, and for any change in processes which altered conditions may render necessary.

Thanks to the Staff and Employees.

This is the thirty-fifth consecutive time I have had the honour of presiding at the annual meeting of the company, and I can safely say that I have never had greater satisfaction than I have on this occasion in expressing our warmest thanks to the staff and employees at Sittingbourne and Kemsley for the energy and determination with which they accomplished the gigantic task that confronted them at the beginning of 1924. I doubt whether work of such magnitude has ever been carried through so promptly and successfully and with less disturbance to the running of the Mills, and I desire to congratulate them warmly on the happy results of their strenuous efforts.

Our thanks are also due to the staff and employees at our mills in Norway for their continued success in maintaining the high quality of pulp for which they have so long enjoyed such a deservedly high reputation.

Mr. Percy Denson seconded the motion, which was unanimously adopted and a final dividend of 1s. 3d. per share (free of income tax) was declared on the Ordinary shares, making with the interim dividend already paid, 10 per cent. for the year 1924. The sum of £10,000 was also placed to pension account.

The retiring directors, Mr. F. N. Lloyd and Lt.-Col. J. R. Garwood, D.S.O., were re-elected, and Messrs. Turquand, Youngs and Co., were re-appointed auditors.

The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors and staff.

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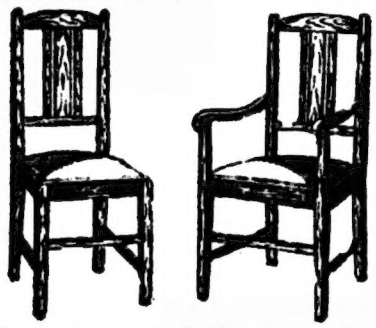
Oak Sideboard of charming design, 4 ft. wide, polished a rich antique brown, fitted with two large drawers and cupboards. Right-hand drawer fitted & lined green baize for cutlery **£6-6-0**



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GUNNERS' BAD LUCK

Gallant Artillerymen Stuck in the Mud

"EVER since I was discharged from the 160th Brigade, R.F.A., I seem to have had no luck at all. I don't know the taste of drink nor do I gamble, but if ever a man was down and out I am. God knows I can do no more, for I have tried everything. I have sold all the furniture I can and pawned all the clothes that would fetch anything, and now I have only the things I stand in."

Such was the pitiable plight of a gallant gunner who appealed to us for assistance last week. A long period of unemployment had left him practically destitute, and upon investigation we found that he had a wife and four children attending school, all sadly in need of clothes. The rent was in arrears, and the family were threatened with eviction.

ANOTHER artillerymen in a similar predicament wrote: "I have been in bed five weeks now, and the doctor says it will be another month before I can get to work. It worries me so to get behind with the rent. We have food from the relieving officer, but no money. I have a wife and five little ones, and if we should be turned out it would be so hard to get another place with them."

This man had served seven years in the gunners, and his discharge papers gave him a very good character. A visit to his home showed it to be a model of cleanliness, and it was nothing but illness and sheer bad luck that had brought the family to such dire want.

HELP us, by your subscriptions to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, to save the homes of such honest fellows and bridge the difficult places which lie in their path. Every penny you send us is expended in relief, for JOHN BULL gladly bears all the costs of administration.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Iona," 4s. 3d.; One-Ninth, 2s.; Mrs. A. F. Davies, £54; £5; Mrs. K. (Oxford), 2s. 6d.; C. R., 9d.; Cheerful (Devon), 3s. 6d.; Scots Greys, 1s. 2d.; Ex-R.E., 2s. 6d.; "Cold Wood," 10s. 6d.; Ne, 2s. 6d.; Mary Thompson, 4s.; 1st 1925 Natts, 9d.; A. Heart, parcel; A. G. Grist, 1s.; "Crystal," 2s. 6d.; G. Pennick, 1s. 3d.; H. B., 6d.; Mrs. R. Bushnell, 1s. 6d.; Essex, Manchester, £1; A. R. (Holmesdale), 5s.; "Christian Socialist," 10s.; Sympathiser, 2s.; Dressmaker's cups, 1s.; M. T. P., 1s. 3d.; "Beverley," 9d.; Mrs. H. Fly, 3s.; M. N. Hall, £5; T. L. N., 2s.; Mrs. J. B. (Andover), parcel; Mrs. Mitchell, parcel; Bennett St., Hull, parcel; H. Hanar, parcel and 2s.; A. M. Ashwin, £1; M. Howells, 10s.; N. W. (Battersea), 2s. 6d.; B. Beckingham, 1s. 3d.; Mrs. P. W. Marsden, 4s.; From a Friend in Herts, £1; Scotswoman (Glasgow), 5s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; "In Remembrance of Eric's Birthday," 1s.; Miner's Wife, 6½d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Wellwisher, 5d.; A Tooting Nurse, 3s.; "X," My Ninth, 4s. 6d.; "Kit," 1s.; "A Wellwisher," 1s. 6d.; D. S. Cambs, 1s. 6d.; Clubman and His Wife, 2s. 6d.; Mrs. R. G. Allen, 6d.; J. N. S., 7d.; L. C., 1s.; M. A. C., 1s. 4d.; Willie's Ninth, 3½d.; Thankful, 2s.; Poult's Weekly Ninth, 1s. 9d.; M. J., 1s.; Ex-Sgt. J. Moyle, £1 6s.; A. Thom, 1s.; Just a Little, 6d.; M. B., 6d.; Mrs. B. Palmer, 2s.; Mrs. C. R. Wilkinson, 1s.; M. B. (Bedford), 2s.; Mrs. S. M. Russell, 3d.; L. M. Evans, 1s.; "M.26564," 1s. 3d.; C. Newman, 2s.; A. K., 10s.; Kohat, 6d.; A. F. Sims, 6d.; Nancy Jane, 1s.; P. B. W., 2s. 6d.; W. King, 1s.; Tiny-mudw, 1s.; "Jessie," 1s. 6d.; Rosa A., 2s.; F. M. Beckett, 2s. 6d.; T. I. Skinner, 4s.; Pudlo, 1s.; Mrs. F. Brown, 10s.; "Smith," 2s.; L. A., 6d.; Miner's Wife, 9d.; "Sphinx," 7s.; P. B., 3d.; "357," 2s. 6d.; H. A., 5s.; F. J. 9th, 1s. 6d.; S. R., R.C.; 1 dollar; "Grateful Heart," 2s.; Miss D. I. Robins, 2s.; D. Adamson, 2s. 6d.; "Thankful," 2s. 6d.; A. V. MacCallum, 5s.; C. R. Willis, 5s.; W. K. B., 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

A Free Gift for You
and Protection for your Home

SOMETHING which costs nothing is usually worth nothing. That, at any rate, is the general rule, and like all rules has its exceptions. The exception to this particular rule will be found on page 2 of this issue.

On that page every reader is offered a Free Gift worth 25s. Against the risks of Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness and Accident JOHN BULL insures you *free*—a service for which any Insurance Company would charge you a premium amounting to at least 25s. per annum.

It is the proud boast of JOHN BULL that participants in its Insurance Scheme are treated with courtesy and generous consideration. As one who benefited last week wrote: "No big Premium Insurance Company could have treated me better."

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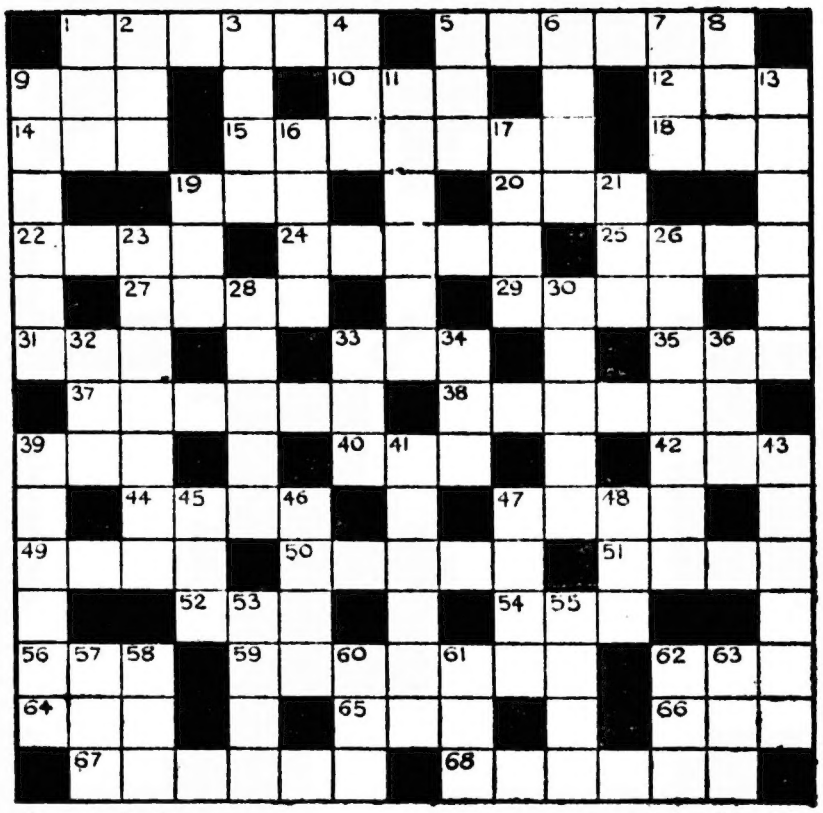
E	M	I	R		T	U	N	E	D		A	D	E	N
A		L	U	G		S	T	Y		P	I	E		V
R	A	T	E		B	E	S	E	T		L	A	Z	Y

The solution of Cross-words No. 15, which was published in our issue of May 9. The 1,000 prizes have been despatched and a list of prize-winners can be seen at this office.

Our Cross-word Corner

No Entrance Fee

Prominent Personages Cross-word Competitors



Cross-words No. 17 — Closing date May 27.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ONE THOUSAND prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first thousand correct solutions opened by the Editor. Entries must be received by May 27. To ensure absolute fairness no solutions will be opened until after the closing date.

OUR Cross-words Competition proves attractive to individuals in every walk of life—in fact, it is possible that, were they now living, Callisthenes, Calverley, Calvin, Canning, Carlyle, Chalmers, Chambers, Chatterton, Chaucer, Chrysostom, Clarendon, Cobden, Coke, Constable, Cowper, would be found among those who send in solutions for our thousand prizes each week.

CLUES.

ACROSS		DOWN	
1. Look out!	40. Humourist.	1. Unopened bloom.	57. Night moisture.
5. Woven by insect.	42. Communist.	2. Object	58. Often laid
9. Weapon.	44. Sound reflection.	3. Kind of voice	59. Exist.
10. Assent.	47. For printing.	4. Gaze at.	60. Looking steadily.
12. Permit.	49. Nothing.	5. Vehicle.	61. Astounded
14. Join.	50. Play.	6. To concoct by infusion	62. Abandon.
15. Shudder.	51. Employs.	7. Horned beast.	63. Nut
18. Pitch of scale.	52. Resting-place.	8. Insect.	64. Chancery.
19. Antagonist.	54. For flogging.	9. Precious stone.	65. Sense of what is fitting.
20. For boring.	56. Pinch.	11. Utilise.	66. Deposit.
22. Bare.	59. Appearances.	13. Harsh ruler.	67. Compass point.
24. Absurd.	62. Legal profession.	16. Remainder	68. Pale
25. Surface.	64. Animal.	17. Songs.	69. Useful fluid
27. Tear.	65. Girl's name.	19. Charge.	70. Species of joke.
29. "Swank."	66. Skill.	21. Boy.	71. Disburse
31. Part of the foot.	67. Hard to unravel.	23. Visionary.	72. Vehicle
33. Tint.	68. Metrical movement.	26. Respects deeply.	73. Contemptuous remark.
35. Vessel.		28. Small incision.	74. Furnish with weapons.
37. Australian plant		30. Animal substance	
38. A tradesman.		32. Be in debt	
39. Valuable stone.			

Fill in the puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-words No. 17, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must be enclosed with "Bullets" coupons.

Another Fine Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday.

His Second "First"

ACKNOWLEDGING receipt of a *Bullets* £250 about two and a half years ago; Mr. A. C. Williams, of 11, Beech Walk, Crayford, gave in this column some advice to other competitors. "I have always aimed at originality in *Bullets*," he said, "and the secret of my success is H.O.P.E.—Hope, Optimism, Persistence, Enthusiasm."

The *Bullet* which gained this £250 in September, 1922, was—MAN OF SPIRIT—SLOGAN—"SLOG ON!" Evidently a man of spirit himself, Mr. Williams "slogged on" in *Bullets* and has now proved the value of his own advice by again heading the *Bullets* prize-list with another £250 in Competition No. 559.

"I am employed as a correspondence clerk in the offices of the Dartford Council," he writes, "and have often been saddened at the tales of woe poured into my ears by people with too many children. Hence the train of thought which produced my winning *Bullet*—WHAT BABY WANTS—CONSIDER BEFORE WANTING BABY. I might mention that Competitions is my one hobby, and it is most gratifying to find it a paying one. My successes prove that persistency pays—and that where there's a *Williams* there's a way!"

MRS. A. CAMPBELL, of 55, Wallshaw Street, Oldham, who won last week's £250 in her maiden name of "A. Chadwick," tells us that her big *Bullets* cheque comes doubly welcome owing to illness in her family.

"I have been competing for some time now," she writes, "but without very good results. Last week my little son, aged two, underwent an operation, and the doctor stated that he should get away to the seaside for a time. But for our big prize, we should have been unable to do this."

What would £250 mean to you? A splendid holiday—a little car—new furniture for your house—these and many other delightful possibilities await the winner in *Bullets* this week.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 564.

WINSTON'S NEXT MOVE	IF KISSES WERE TAXED
WISE NATION	CRUELTY
WHEN NATURE SMILES	MAN OF PUSH
LITTLE ANGEL	MODERN COUPLE
WHY HE STRUCK	WHEN SHE'S DONE
ANGRILY	NOT FAIR
ON THE DOLE	A WOMAN'S HEART
NO MAN	DEPENDS ON US
THE FASHION SOON	OLD AGE
READY FOR ME	WHAT IS A HERO?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, JUNE 11.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **564** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **564,** JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **563.**

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee. Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked —in the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "JOHN BULL."

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 563.

BRITISH GOODS
EYE TO BUSINESS
FIRM FAVOURITE
ARTIFICIAL
GOLDEN GOOSE
AFTER HER MONEY
WHAT THE SCOTCHMAN ASKED
MORE THAN LIKELY
AT ANY PRICE
LAST BUT NOT LEAST
AT THE LAUNDRY
LAZY CHAP
IN THIS WORLD
ENJOYING HERSELF
TIME OF HIS LIFE
HAPPY HOURS
MAKES ME SIT UP
FIRST VISIT
IN THEATRELAND
MARRIAGE CONTRACT
PROFITABLE
EMPLOYER'S SON
WHAT THE VILLAIN SAID
PET LAMB
FINDING HER
LITTLE HELP
PROVED A MISTAKE
NO JUDGE
SELDOM OBEYED
MODERN MUSIC
PASSING BY
WHAT IS A TAX?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No 563 have purchased their copies of "John Bull"

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three,** or **Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—IN COURT *Bullet*:—SOCIETY "SINKS A LOT."
Example:—UP HIS SLEEVE *Bullet*:—AMATEUR CONJUROR FORGOT WHICH.
Example:—BY INSTALMENTS *Bullet*:—BETTER PUTTING INSTALMENTS BY.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 563, John Bull, Long Acre, London, W.C 2

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(563) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(563) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(563) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, May 28.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(563) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 560 can now be seen in the window of Mr. G. MAY, 100, Barker Street, Oldham.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 561 WILL APPEAR NEXT WEEK.

NEXT WEEK **£1,000** FIRST PRIZE AND **25 BIG HOLIDAY PRIZES!**

WISK
The Wonderful Cleanser & Polisher

—The Wonderful New Household Cleanser

Manufactured by the makers of "NEW-PIN"

Every Tin has a "NEW-PIN" FREE Gift Coupon

You will welcome **"WISK,"** the new member of the **"NEW-PIN"** and **"BRITOLIC" SOAP FAMILY.** Without doubt, it is the most wonderful Household Cleanser and Polisher yet placed before the British Public. **GET A TIN TO-DAY FROM YOUR GROCER.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR "WISK" —AND SAVE THE COUPONS

REMEMBER.! Every Tin of **"WISK"** bears a **"NEW-PIN" FREE GIFT COUPON,** of the same value as those of **"NEW-PIN"** and **"BRITOLIC" SOAPS.** Save the coupons and get your **FREE GIFT.**

For scouring, cleansing, and polishing all crockery, cutlery, glass, marble, woodwork, steel, iron, brass, copper, and earthenware vessels, there is no preparation to equal **"WISK."**

COUPON
WISK
For Scouring, Polishing, Cleaning, Scouring, Cutlery, Metals, Paint Machinery, Marble, Earthenware, Crockery, Glassware, All Clothes, Woodwork, Bones Plates, Bath Tubs, Sinks, &c.
"NEW-PIN" SOAP

PER 6D MEDIUM SIZE
PER 10D LARGE SIZE

Rust, stains, and tarnish vanish like magic, and a minute's work with **"WISK"** accomplishes ten times as much as could be done with any other materials.

WORKS WONDERS IN THE HOME—"WISK" DIRT AWAY

Not only your kitchen utensils, your sink, your bath, and your paintwork, but your windows and glassware will be made clean, bright and spotless without hard work, if you have the aid of this unequalled new household cleanser and polisher. Don't imagine that **"WISK"** is an ordinary dry soap, it is quite a new preparation far in advance of any yet invented.

Apart from the wonderful value offered in every tin of **"WISK"** you have your own choice of the wonderful **"NEW-PIN" FREE GIFTS,** which include Ladies' Costumes, Underwear, Pull-overs, and fine boys' suits, socks, umbrellas, and jewellery, beside many beautiful and useful additions to the home, such as cutlery and plate, etc.

None of these Free Gifts bear any advertising matter whatsoever, and are exactly as sold at the best West-end Shops and Stores.

THE BRITISH SOAP CO., LTD. (Allied with The British Oil and Cake Mills, Ltd.),
NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER SOAP MAKERS.

JUST A FEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL GIFTS FREE TO USERS OF "WISK."

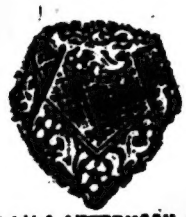
Attractive **KNITTED COSTUMES.** Latest Marl patterns, smart designs and latest fashion. Stock size in the following tri-colours: Brown, White and Fawn; Black, White and Steel; Fawn, Beaver and Pot Blue; Fawn, White and Nigger. For **160** Coupons. Post free.

BEAUTIFUL SILK BAG. Handsomely fitted. Dainty and ideal for day and evening use. For **60** Coupons. Post free.

LADIES' GLOVES. Parisian gauntlet style, latest fashion, in the following shades—Grey, Pastelle, Beaver, Black, White, Chamois. Sizes:—6½, 7, 7½. For **24** Coupons Post free.

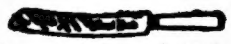
Ladies' and Gent.'s **PULL-OVERS** in Marl patterns. Can be worn all the year round, for indoors and outdoors, assorted designs. For **75** Coupons. Post free.

SILK PRINCESS PETTICOAT. Ladies' stock size Art. "Poco" Stockinette Princess Petticoat in White, Helio, Pink, Peach, Sky, Champagne. Beautifully made and designed French models. For **72** Coupons. Post free. Also in J.A.P.'s H.K. White only For **72** Coupons. Post free.



Delightful **AFTERNOON TEA CLOTH.** All lace, exquisite patterns. For **36** Coupons. Post free.

This beautiful silver-plated E.P.N.S. **CAKE KNIFE,** with saw back. For **20** Coupons. Post free.



This most useful and serviceable Sheffield Steel **BREAD KNIFE,** with Ivorine handle. For **25** Coupons. Post free.

REMEMBER FOR JUST A FEW COUPONS YOU CAN OBTAIN A BEAUTIFUL "NEW-PIN" FREE GIFT.

"WISK" Coupons have the same value as **"NEW-PIN"** and **"BRITOLIC"** Soap **FREE GIFT COUPONS.**

You may send **COUPONS** from **"NEW-PIN" SOAP "WISK"** or **"BRITOLIC" SOAP** or some from each. They all count the same value for **FREE GIFTS.**

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR "WISK" AND FOR A FULL LIST OF FREE GIFTS.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

Save the coupons from the Tins of **"WISK,"** and send them, together with your name and address, and details of the present you require written on a sheet of paper, to

"WISK" FREE GIFT DEPT.,
47, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.1.

You may include any **"NEW-PIN"** *or* **"BRITOLIC" SOAP** *Coupons you happen to have, to make up the number required for your gift.* J.B. May 23

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